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ELDER AND MODERN POETRY OF ENGLAND.

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'But drive far off the barbarous dissonance
Of Bacchus and his revellers, the race
Of that wild rout that tore the Thracian bard
In Rhodope.'

MILTON.

If my readers will allow me, in this age of crowded action and wild excitement, to detain them a little while on less absorbing topics, I will summon to their presence before the critical tribunal the exclusive and bigoted advocate of our 'new-light' poetry. Is there any other great excellence which you miss in those dear old writers of 'English undefiled,' and find in their loud-voiced and long-winded successors?

'Yes. I miss the powerful delineation of wild and dark and desperate spirits, whose thoughts were all fire and their hearts all passion; whose familiar angels were the tempest and the whirlwind; and the sum and power of whose feelings could be condensed only in one burning word, 'and *that* word were lightning!'

Bah! Excuse the blasphemous interjection. But really I have been so 'thrilled' and 'chilled;' my spirit has so often been 'furnished' by the fiery share of passion, and 'harrowed' by scenes of unmitigated horror, in sympathizing with these wonderful beings, that my capacity for astonishment is utterly exhausted, and my blood now flows in calm and temperate seeming through its overlabored channels. Therefore I am sometimes profane enough to jeer at conceptions rising so far above my ideas of the possible, and sceptical enough to doubt the architectural skill of the windmill-wrights, whose verse-machines are whirled by an eternal hurricane of passion. Not so have I read Homer and Shakspeare, the patriarchs and autocrats of song. And I freely and gladly admit that you can find no such pictures in other great poets of the elder school. They had not that faculty. They never dreamed that beings had existed on this earth other than of the line of Adam. And are *you* quite sure that such men have lived and acted; moulded of this miracu-

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lous clay; embittered by demoniac scorn, and alive to all tender and exquisite emotions, with brows of blackest gloom and hearts of strangest moodiness; their souls electrified at the same moment by all the mightiest passions of Heaven and Hell; placed in the incomprehensible situation of the tempest-tossed ships of Æneas, on which all the four winds discharged at once their clashing fury?

'UNA Eurusque Notusque ruunt, creberque procellis
Africus?'

Have there been characters, *can* they exist in fact or in fancy, possessing at once all the ferocity of savages and all the gentleness of refined and highly intellectual beings; scowling defiance in the face of God, yet looking with fondest love on his creation, the feeble reflex of his glory, malignant as Satan, sullen as Moloch, sensual as Belial, implacable as Achilles, and chivalric as Orlando; disdaining all mankind, yet condescending to pursue their enemies with unrelenting wrath, and cherishing for some matchless Amarilli all the truth and tenderness of a Pastor Fido? Such beings have been held forth, to thrill and astonish the modern world, and have fed to repletion its morbid appetite for the monstrous. But who, on beholding an animal thus compounded of angels, men, beasts and devils, would not exclaim in the words of Horace on the imaginary woman-fish:

'Would you not laugh, O friends! at such a sight?'

For my part, I should as soon admire the *ensemble* of a portrait in which the artist should attempt to combine in one countenance the features and expression of every face, fancied or real, 'that is in heaven above, or in the earth beneath, or in the waters under the earth,' and should think it quite as natural.

Who cannot see that the *stamina* of much of our modern poetry resembles the *matériel* of half our recent novels; pathos manufactured to order, passion made to sell; emotion without motive and desperation without cause; in short, a thunder-storm of jarring elements, 'all sound and fury, signifying nothing?' From this school arose the earlier heroes of the Bulwerian creation; the Pelhams and the Cliffords, odious compounds of Timon and Beau Brummell, in the portraiture of which the most captivating talent was employed to array vices, destructive of society itself, in the seductive garb of genius, poetry and courage, and to identify order and virtue with stupidity and meanness. Hence too have originated those kindred productions of meretricious genius, in which all the inventiveness of fancy, and all the power of pathos, and all the brilliancy of style, have been exhausted to bewilder the youthful head and demoralize the youthful heart. Who is not worn even to faintness by this incessant and unnatural excitement; and what serious thinker is not alarmed in seeing our youth growing up in this hot-bed of impetuous and irrational feeling, reaching a precocious and unhealthy growth, and going through society corrupted and corrupting, diffusing an influence as poisonous as the soil from which they sprung?

Who cannot perceive that these pestilent productions have infected romantic young minds with the idea that they must toil after misery as for a treasure; that to obtain the reputation of a genius they must be rebels to reason, and to reach the distinction of a hero they must renounce their allegiance to those laws of God and man which duller mortals are content to follow and be happy?

In the above remarks I, of course, allude chiefly to one of the most richly-gifted and deeply-fallen of all God's creatures, the most dazzling exemplar of the 'Satanic school' — the great and truly pitiable BYRON. That the poetic powers of this noble and unhappy bard were of a far higher order and more extended sway than those of any other man, who for the last century and a half has made the English language the vehicle of his musings, is a proposition which I think no sane man can dispute. For although it has of late become the fashion, among the elect and exclusive few, the indoctrinating mystagogues of the self-anointed critical priesthood, to elevate some of his contemporaries, and particularly Wordsworth, above him, it is *but* a fashion, the absurdity of which is almost too transparent to refute. I shall not deny that almost any of his modern rivals are more worthy of our intimacy on account of the more healthful influences they exert on the mind and heart. Nor shall I deny that in the descriptive, reflective and imaginative lines, Wordsworth is perhaps as entirely self-trained and original as Byron. But Wordsworth's descriptions, though perfectly natural, are too minutely labored, and are therefore decidedly inferior to Byron's sketches, which are bold, brief, rapid and graphic, almost beyond example; and his reflections and figures, new and beautiful as they are, are conveyed in less energetic language, are less informed by strong feeling, and of course are less vivid, less poetical. Byron, moreover, possessed many other powers of mind, to which Wordsworth had slight or no claim, and among which may be mentioned fertile invention, sparkling wit, scathing satire, melting pathos, and a depth of passion, at times misdirected, at times unnatural, at times delirious, yet burning and overwhelming like a fiery flood. Not to mention several truly wonderful passages, enchased in contexts so foul that I should be loth to indicate their exact *locale* to a pure, young mind; not to mention some of his minor powers, which in every sense are priceless gems; not to speak of many other portions of *Childe Harold*, which are all but unequalled; the entire poetical literature of England for the last one hundred and fifty years may be safely challenged to produce as many consecutive lines, that can at all compare in force and fervor with the first fifty stanzas of the Third Canto of *Childe Harold*. If, indeed, we consider that one half of that remarkable production was written before its author had seen twenty-four summers; that in the space of ten short years he poured forth all that flood of poems, of which many are of masterly power, though all the while his mind was largely unhinged by his own evil habits, and by the dark memories that pursued, and desolation that surrounded him; we can hardly doubt that in native vigor of intellect and in all but that necromantic pencil which could group and sketch the beings of

the 'unimaginable void,' as if they were friends and familiars, this self-tormenting poet was not one whit behind Milton himself, and as regards his later rivals was by Apollo's own unction,

'The grand NAPOLEON of the realms of rhyme.'

To assert, then, that the author of the *Excursion*, or of *Thalaba*, or of *Christabel*, could match the creator of *Childe Harold* and *Manfred* and *Don Juan* in the native gifts and faculties of genius, is to advance a startling paradox from a pure love of singularity.

But why, if his powers were so great, are not his poems as worthy of constant perusal, and as likely to attain an immortality, as those of the elder worthies, whose claims I uphold against him and his coadjutors? Because his chief productions 'are of the earth earthy,' and neither cautery nor exsection can remove the deep gangrene of vanity, selfishness, affectation, scepticism and rancor. A 'hard saying,' but capable of full substantiation. Methinks I behold a legion of *Byronlings*, with open throats, black ribands, and dependent collars, starting from their gin-and-water inspirations, cast glances big with annihilation at one who dares dispute the indestructibility of their pretended father. But I may inform these minnows, who swim in the wake and imitate the gambols of that huge Leviathan, that *I* too have had my day of adoration for their idol, when I thought that to doubt of his legitimate and lasting supremacy over the world of mind was blind stupidity and horrid sacrilege. Nay, even now, when that wild idolatry is past, and the sobering influence of years has enabled me to perceive the 'disastrous twilight shed' by this 'archangel ruined' upon the souls of men, his name is still a charm in my ear, and his more genuine tones a quickener to my blood. But how could one with embittered passions seething in his heart; with feelings blasted by their own pestiferous nature; with a spirit at war with his country and his race; with impulses irregular and at variance with themselves; how, in short, could one whose whole moral and intellectual being was lashed into stubborn and scornful rebellion against the laws of the universe and the very throne of God, produce a poem like the *Paradise Lost*, that 'pure, ethereal stream,' fresh with all humanity and bright with all religion? Yet, whatever be the depraved appetites of some, these qualities are altogether requisite to commend a work to the love and admiration of the universal mind. What! are not men created with earnest and trustful natures, with spirits orderly, though aspiring, and with hearts that, even when vitiated, still behold

'Virtue, in her shape how lovely!'

and still demand and revere her presence in others? *Childe Harold* is the offspring of a vigorous but unhealthy mind, and it is easy to foresee that, in spite of its original conception, bold tone, and numerous passages of almost unsurpassed sublimity and splendor, it contains within itself the causes of its own decay. Those thoughts, the lofty and the beautiful, which burst so gloriously upon us through the ice of a misanthropy, half-real, half-pretended, only prove how

hard he must have labored, in conjunction with circumstances, to debase one of the finest spirits that ever uttered its musings in mortal language, but cannot redeem the work itself from the immutable law of the creation: 'That which is false and unnatural shall perish.' The very basis and entire conception of the work is a splendid falsehood,

'Which lies like truth, and yet most truly lies.'

For while I can easily conceive that a passionate spirit, cast into the seven-times heated furnace of its own fiery emotions, and subjected to the hardening process of experience, embittered by the world's unreasoning hostility, and stung to madness by its own voluntary degradation, might at last become a seared and passionless thing, insensible to the sympathies of country or of kindred, and moving in cold and lofty scorn through all that is grand or beautiful in Nature; it is, on the contrary, an incongruous, nay, an impossible conception; the conception of a being endowed, like the desolate wanderer, with an exquisite sense of the pathetic, and a perfect faculty of appreciating and embodying the lovely and the great, while his heart was separated, as by the gulf of the grave, from all fellow-feeling with the breathing multitudes of the world around him. True misanthropy cannot associate with that faculty which stirs the heart at will; and poetry is always, disguise it as you may, a yearning of the spirit toward the Good, the Beautiful, the Sublime.

When, therefore, in the idle effort to conceal them, I see the bright links of human sympathy still glittering through the mist of bitterness, and connecting the Childe with his species by the chain of one common nature, I feel assured that his heart, though more intensely beating, was like all other hearts, and sheltered no scorn toward man, *as man*. He was merely a worn and weary worldling, disgusted with himself and offended with his country, seeking for excitement, which palled even in its madness; and, hoping to renew the cup of joy, quaffed too early and too fast, but which, had he known it, Virtue can keep always replenished to the brim from the perennial well-springs of our nature, and which Vice herself can never utterly exhaust. At the attempt to invest this shattered spirit at once with the stern cynicism of Timon and with the impassioned poetry of Burns, I may not, while viewing that magic workmanship of Genius, repeat the '*incredulus odi*' of the Roman critic; but I say to myself, 'The conjuror of this wild creation was indeed a potent wizard, but he has evoked an incoherent and perishable world; a world green with no verdure of healthful vegetation, and brightened by no cheerful beams of sun or satellite; but umbraged by a growth of poisonous luxuriance, and livid with the baleful light of meteors, or lustrous with a fierce volcanic glare. The Childe Harold, then, with the exception of some immortal parts, untouched by the plague spots which must remain, embalmed in their own beauty, to the end of time, or at least till the extinction of our language, is a poem which, when contemporary sympathy with the self-inflicted tortures of its author, and the feverish interest awakened

by his brilliant waywardness, shall have subsided, must gradually become neglected and forgotten. Mournful fate! that so many glorious imaginings must fade away as the sun-beams vanish when the sun is set! But it is almost demonstrable from the very nature of the case.

For poetry, after religion, is the divinest gift of God to man. In truth, the finest elements of the one are drawn from the deepest principles of the other, and the essence of the two is largely identical. Twin-sisters of the same spiritual birth, and partners in the same eternal being, they traverse all the ranks of intellectual existence, and find a no less glad reception and natural dwelling-place in the unsophisticated spirit of man, than they find in the glowing heart of the tallest seraph that strikes his harp before the Almighty Throne. One in heaven, and one on earth, they walk hand in hand throughout the universe of God, and every where and always they link themselves to the Immense, and feed on the Immortal. Religion is never so attractive, nor so intrinsically lovely, as when interfused with genuine poetic feeling, and poetry is never so pure, nor so exalted, as when enlightened by the eye of faith and raised on the wings of devotion. No muse of mortal inspiration has ever swept from her harp-strings a music so sublime as that which trembled, instinct with holy passion, and swelled pregnant with unutterable meaning, from the ten-stringed instruments of Moses, David and Isaiah. Poetry, then, or the poetic faculty, is sent on a mission of benevolence and love, and its office is to purify, exalt, console. The chief and necessary elements of its being are faith in the living, universal presence of a superhuman agency, and an undoubting belief in the existence, and a reverent love for the manifestations of the Great, the Good, the Beautiful, the Holy. It embellishes and ennobles the dull realities of life, and, still unsated, fills our earth and the whole universe with fair ideal forms; reproductions of itself, embodiments of its own yearnings, that create the loveliness they seek. Its wish and tendency are to awaken a spirit of trustfulness, and call forth all the gentle charities of life, thus endearing our present abiding-place, by making it a garden of beauty and a nursery of immortal fruits. And in consonance with this character and this purpose, poets have usually been optimists, believing in the perfectibility and aiming to produce the ultimate perfection of our race. Therefore they are always bodying forth conceptions which carry physical, or mental, or moral excellence to the loftiest heights of the ideal. Therefore they have always imagined a golden age, existing anterior to historic records among the realms of Eld, and therefore, like all men, they dream of Fortunate Islands, an El Dorado, sleeping far away, serene and lovely, in the distant Future. He who sincerely believes in the stationary condition of society, or in the perishable nature of the soul, cannot be essentially a poet. The poet, so far from being isolated in character and feeling from the rest of his species, is an epitome of all their sympathies, and a channel for the utterance of their dearest and deepest emotions. Now the world, to repeat a stale truism, is a checkered

scene of joys and sorrows, and the nature of man a singular mixture of sadness and mirth. While the experience of suffering and our own frequent and conscious degradation impart to our spirits somewhat of a despondent, pensive and regretful tinge, yet the knowledge that we have still something great and excellent within us, the sweet remembrance of by-gone happiness, and the bright hopes that come bubbling upward from the very blackness of despair, do also diffuse over our hearts and faces the pleasant smiles of buoyancy, and confidence and love. Though sorrow may sometimes predominate over pleasure in experience, yet in anticipation we are rather trustful than disheartened, and even past afflictions are not unfrequently the source of after enjoyment.

Hæc olim meminisse juvabit.

The remembrance of the past, whether it be of pleasure or of pain, connected with the thought that that portion of our existence has gone by for ever, inspires a kind of melancholy which is agreeably fostered and soothed by tales of suffering and reflections of a sombre hue. But they must not be recitals of unmitigated sorrow, or thoughts of utter desolation. The most distressful tale may give pleasure to the heart, if it bear in itself a kind of antidote, a *ne-penthe*, either in the administration of 'poetic justice,' or in the knowledge that conscious innocence is always happy, or in the belief of a sort of compensation to be received by the injured in another existence. And the most sombre treatise may gratify the mind, if through its texture be visible the sweet rays of Hope; a 'confident looking forward' to a better state of things in the infinite Hereafter, or a reference to some counterpoising gladness in our present condition. The burden of the poet's song, therefore, must not be one ceaseless chaunt about the hollowness, and falsehood, and cruelty of the world, though hollow, and false, and cruel enough it is, God knows; for there is likewise — God be thanked! — on this earth of ours a large amount of nobleness, and kindness and truth. A picture which presents to us only the dark clouds and the chilling rain is a false picture; for where is the blue sky, and where the warm sunshine, which the Lord of Life has spread over and around us? A true genius, though he be the child of sorrow, can never become the idol of his race, if he weave all his words into querulous sarcasm and unvarying complaint. An exemplar of our nature and our life, he will mostly throw aside the reed, the wormwood, and the gall, and dipping his pen in love, will diffuse over his pages, despite himself, the mirthful sweetness of humanity. Nor will he disunite himself from his country and his kind, as by a wall of marble, nor rise above the sympathies of men, and seat himself on an iceberg, in an atmosphere of chill and cheerless elevation.

Now the spirit of Childe Harold, and of most of Byron's writings, is distrustful, repining and rebellious. Not even his towering genius could bear him above the petty querulousness of some other froward children of Nature; poor, fretful, narrow-spirited murmurers against the laws of God and man. It is true, his better feelings,

'the divinity that stirred within him,' sometimes broke through its envelopment of clouds, and the subdued and pensive music which then trembled from his harp-strings, is in unison with the pulse, and makes a responsive echo in the bosom of his kind. But the *general tone* of the work, at times fierce and bitterly sarcastic, at others despondent or utterly despairing, and almost always dissatisfied with the world, past, present and future, is not of a kind to produce permanent pleasure among men. Even those who believe not in the upward tendency of our race, and who despair that Nature will ever hum an evening lullaby to lay her weary and distempered children asleep upon her breast, can scarcely deem that this song of scornful bitterness and hopeless lamentation will be embalmed in the tears and coffined in the hearts of all posterity. For unhappiness is ever restless for change, and if all future generations are to be born beneath the influence of a weeping star, they will be likely to nourish or console their griefs in the perusal of some later and no less masterly Jeremiad. As for those beardless youths of the knitted brow, the curling lip, and the unfathomable eye; the great grandsons of that sentimental tribe, who strove to be as wretched as the wretched egotist, Rousseau; the 'blighted' striplings, who labor to be pale and pensive, and throw out wild, broken hints that they have experienced that crushing agony which, in their preposterous creed, is the baptismal seal of genius; they will be ever ready to follow in the lead of some other fashionable sufferer, and to find a 'dainty sweetness' in his new and more modish form of 'lovely melancholy.' And those, in fine, who trust that the world is growing more virtuous, and, by consequence, more cheerful, will not expect these mournful psalms to be chaunted throughout coming ages, any more than the scorching wit and demon sneer of that 'architect of ruin,' the thousand-talented Voltaire, can command the admiration of time, when all mankind shall truly believe in God, and pay their rational and rightful homage to their Creator and their King.

It may be proper that I should substantiate by a few references the justice of these strictures, though the work itself is throughout a proof of their correctness. Speaking of the fair sex, he says:

'MAIDENS, like moths, are ever caught by glare,
And Mammon wins his way, where seraphs might despair.'

And again:

'For who would trust the seeming sighs
Of wife, or paramour?
Fresh feres will dry the bright, blue eyes
We late saw streaming o'er.'

Now, in the first place these bitter thrusts at the brightest flower left to man of his lost Eden, are in direct contradiction to many other passages of his writings; as for instance, this:

'ALAS! the love of women! it is known
To be a lovely and a fearful thing;
For all of theirs upon that die is thrown,
And if 't is lost, life hath no more to bring
To them but mockeries of the past alone,
And their revenge is as the tiger's spring,
Deadly, and quick, and crushing; yet as real
Torture is theirs — what they inflict they feel.'

'They're right; for man, to man so oft unjust,
Is *always* so to woman; one sole bond
Awaits them; treachery is all their trust;
Taught to conceal, their bursting hearts despond
Over their idol, till some wealthier lust
Buys them in marriage; and what rests beyond?
A thankless husband, next a faithless lover,
Then dressing, nursing, praying, and all's over.'

'Look on *this* picture, and then on *that*,' my masters. As to the inconsistency between them, it might be expected from one whose whole life and writings were the offspring of wild, unprincipled impulse, and who was at perfect liberty to say any thing that would *strike*. But is either of these frightful statements *true*, even in the worst parts of Europe, still more in the quiet homes of England, and more still in our own country? Not at all. We have, and we wish to have, no more conception of the prevalence of such a state of things than we have of the treachery, and hatred, and despair of Hell. Man is *not* 'always' nor generally 'unjust to woman,' either here or elsewhere. Woman is not always 'caught by glare,' nor always as veering as the wind; nor, on the other hand, if her heart has been once misplaced, and her affections crushed, is she always or often left to a joyless, desolate old age. She has something else to live for. The social vices, unhappy and degrading, which attach so largely to the relations between man and woman; the frequent venality of the one heart, the treachery of the other, and the fickleness of both; still leave a vast preponderance of happiness arising from fond and faithful love; a happiness which almost all may win, and which none but a misanthrope can doubt, or a villain spoil. How much more truthful Milton's invocation to 'Wedded Love,' of which the following lines are a part; surely a thousand times the most exquisite in language and sentiment, of all that were ever written on the 'universal passion:'

'FAR be it that I should write thee sin or blame,
Or think thee unbefitting holiest place,
Perpetual fountain of domestic sweets,
Whose bed is undefiled and chaste pronounced,
Present, or past, as Saints and patriarchs used!
*Here LOVE his golden shafts employs, here lights
His CONSTANT lamp, and waves his purple wings,
Reigns here and revels !'*

Byron generally speaks of human life as if it were a lingering curse. He sings with mournful energy of the passions and the tears of youth:

'THAT, ebbing, leave a sterile track behind,
O'er which all heavily the journeying years
Plod the last lands of life, where not a flower appears.'

Had he no conception of a *virtuous* old age? He, who has passed his youth and manhood, as every one may do, in the love of God and man, and in the observance of the laws of his being, finds not fruits alone, but flowers also, the richest and the rarest, smiling by his wintry pathway; ay, blossoming unchilled on the very edge of the grave. And he who, like Byron, lives in violation of his known and daily duties, will of course find that 'the springs of his life are poi-

soned,' and 'its dregs are wormwood;' will of course pass through his three-score years and ten,'

'Young, yet enervate; old, yet never wise;'

will of course live in cheerless isolation, and die with a muttered curse upon his lips.

But listen to another verse from the 'Book of Lamentations:'

'THERE is a very life in our despair,
Vitality of poison,' etc.

Once more :

'ALAS! our young affections run to waste,
Or water but the desert,' etc.

And yet again :

'WE wither from our youth, we gasp away;
Sick — sick; unfound the boon — unslaked the thirst.'

And yet once more :

'OUR life is a false nature; 'tis not in
The harmony of things — this hard decree,
This unradicable taint of sin,
This boundless upas, this all-blasting tree,
Whose root is earth, whose leaves and branches be
The skies, that rain their plagues on men like dew —
Disease, death, bondage, all the woes we see —
And worse, the woes we see not, which thro' through
The inmedicable soul, with heart-aches ever new.'

Enough! enough! Fold, oh fold thy dusky wing, and hush thy dismal chant, dark bird of affliction! Wave thy gloomy form no more before my aching eyeballs! Let thy note of anguish pierce no longer the cavern of my sickening ear! Does sorrow come too slowly of itself? Even in the path of virtue, are not our affections often wounded, our spirits dimmed, our peace impaired? Do not the progressive changes of our nature darken sufficiently of themselves the glory of the world without, and wither the freshness of the heart within? While we are weeping for the past, dost thou tell us, oh bird of evil omen! that there is no joy to come? Why does thy figure flit gloomy and spectral through the twilight of feeling, and scream a new and more dolorous death-dirge in the ears of the soul, that even now sits desolate and mourning in her dreary halls? We sigh for refreshment, and thou breakest down the last poor remnant of our faint and failing strength: we call for nuptial dances and the festal song, striving to win oblivion of the Past by watching the sweet rainbow that springs softly glittering from our very tears, and thou harrowest our stricken spirits with a requiem over the grave of Hope!

As for 'Don Juan,' its fate is certain. Such a Gothic structure can hardly be expected to reach a good old age. I grant, as willingly as the most willing, that it by turns displays almost every kind of genius, and that in its highest perfection. Grandeur, force, novelty, compass, wit, harmony, pathos appear on the stage in their most beautiful and striking forms. But many passages are stupidly impious, and shamefully indecent, and large segments are to all tastes the dullest of trash; the drivellings of a muse maudlin on the dregs of a noble vintage. And in general, so incongruous a mass, con-

structive with conflicting designs, and raising its miscreated front in defiance of heaven and earth, must be of brief duration. Splendid falsehood, whether in matters of taste, or government, or morals, will at last be discovered; and when the sandiness of the foundation is perceived, the magnificence of the building, and the genius of the builder, are both likely to fall into indifference or contempt. At various periods of the world's history have bright erratic geniuses shot like meteors athwart its intellectual sky, who, had they been confined in their proper orbits, might have shed a lasting lustre on succeeding ages. But men will not long be guided by those who cannot guide themselves. Rousseau, the sensitive egotist and passionate dreamer, who took so strange a pride in half-disclosing to the world the black and poisonous ulcers of his heart, and who excited in all ill-balanced minds an interest so deep, so earnest, so admiring, has quietly slipped from the nooks of memory, and whatever may be his sentence, when he shall appear, as he impiously says, with his 'Confessions' in his hand before the tribunal of his Maker, both he and his book have already been condemned by the verdict of his fellow-mortals. And Byron, who was another Rousseau, but of still loftier genius and of yet wilder phrensy, lived the same wretched, self-destroying life, and will meet the same speedy and inglorious end. For the time I trust will come when men would as soon infuriate their blood with the poison of adders as fire their spirits with that 'wine of devils,' the poetry of unholy passion. At all events, a century from now the echoes will no longer be vocal with the name of Byron, and all that the multitude will know of his wild outpourings will be some imperishable portions of his larger works, and a few of those minor poems, which in their peculiar walk have neither peer nor rival.

I had intended, after canvassing according to my light the poetry of Wordsworth and Byron, to examine somewhat in detail the productions of their English contemporaries. But 'the play is hardly worth the candle.' As for Crabbe, Rogers, Lamb, Heber, White, and Montgomery, some of them are feeble poets, and all of them I consider as members of the good old English school. Scott could write respectable semi-epics and spirited ballads; that was all. Moore can compose most luscious and melodious songs: that is all. Some may think that Mrs. Hemans' poems constitute a distinctive and very exalted school of poetry. I hope I shall not offend young ladies in boarding-schools, or young gentlemen of an excessive quantity of feeble feeling, if I remark that she appears to me (barring the immorality) to be a sort of circumscribed and diluted Byron, and that except to such persons as can feed all day on Ossian, her poetry after a half-hour's reading grows monotonous and tiresome to the last degree. I shall not deny that some score or more among her smaller poems, known to every body by heart, are of original and exceeding beauty, and not devoid of energy and health. But the rest of her productions, many of them quite superior by themselves, are mostly repetition, repetition, repetition; a *rifacimento* of the same superfluous epithets, and ideas of the same

family likeness. They are impregnated with a strong and uniform *mannerism*, and all bear the same unmistakeable 'image and superscription.' She was excessively fond of subjects generally considered by sentimentalists as highly romantic; such as knights with black plumes, war-worn crusaders, etc. There is little contrast in her poems, and their variety is like that of a paper of pins, a variety in numbers, not in kind. I once read her poems throughout. I would not do it again 'for love or money.' I became absolutely sick of the unvarying beauty of the world; for over it all flowed the same balmy breath, and floated the same rosy glow. She possessed great sensibility, and great facility of rhyme; but as her intellect was not powerful, her fecundity was her bane. Joanna Baillie had assuredly far more of poetical capacity.

In all the foregoing remarks, I must not of course be understood as denying that many English poets of the nineteenth century (some of them just rising on our view) are deserving of great gratitude and admiration; but merely as upholding the claims of their predecessors to deeper reverence and longer study.

Having wearied myself, and probably my readers, and certainly OLD KNICK., who does not like *long* articles, I would here pause, but for some thoughts that rise of themselves in considering the career of such great bad men as Rousseau and Byron, and the deadly influence they shed on the minds and lives of their admirers. To a fine sensitive young mind, which has just reached the turning-point of life, when intoxicating thoughts rush in upon it like a flood, and Poetry spreads forth her magical and bright creation, some words of counsel might be addressed. Be heedful of your steps! I warn you, you are treading on dangerous ground; '*per ignes suppositos cineri doloso*.' You are walking over a soil beneath whose shallow incrustation rolls the burning lava, and ignite the sulphurous vapors of volcanic passion. And know you that many a hapless Empedocles lies imbedded in those smouldering depths; that many a noble spirit has been scorched, and blackened, and petrified for ever by the smoke and cinders of that fiery furnace; or overtaken and surrounded, like a buried city, by the 'devilish glut' that boils from its infernal craters? Are these figures extravagant? Would God they were! Would God they could faintly image that moral ruin, which might draw 'tears, such as angels weep!' For is it not a *fact*, that many a being of stateliest growth, formed for the pride and shelter of his race, has been blown upon by winds from the desert of blasted hearts, till he has stood like a scathed oak, its glory withered? Were not one-third of Heaven's angelic brotherhood 'flung from eternal splendors,' following the 'Morning Star' in his contagious fall? And are not *our* Morning Stars, whether fixed or fallen, omnipotent for evil as for good?

Alas! in my own narrow walk have I not seen high, bold beings led by the 'Satanic Muse' along the downward way? Was I not familiar, like a brother, with a bright and beauteous youth, whose god was Byron; who purposely chained his clear intellect to the wheels of an impulsive, burning spirit, because he was resolved to

be a hero; who suppressed his healthful feelings, and burst from the ties of natural affection, wishing to make each day a chapter of passionate romance; who left friends and kindred to roam through foreign lands in quest of wild adventure; who returned, worn and wretched, only to feel in bitterness 'the late remorse of love;' for *she*, his own fond mother, was sleeping in the 'wormy bed,' and *now* no tears of contrition nor deeds of amendment could soothe her poor crushed heart; and who, in fine, died in the morning of his life, almost a maniac in utter desolation? We, who have attained to safer years, may sometimes pause to admire the glory and lament the gloom of an intellect like Byron's. But while we weep by the grave of suicidal genius, and gaze in speechless sorrow on the wreck of mind, let us keep the young and the ardent aloof from their maddening influence. 'Though dead, they yet speak.' Their spirits still live, and exert a power of evil eloquence on men, more blighting than 'the pestilence that walketh in darkness, or the destruction that wasteth at noon-day.'

W E M E E T I N D R E A M S .

*'We are such stuff as dreams are made of,
And our little life is rounded with a sleep.'*

Thou com'st to me in dreams, beloved! thou com'st to me in dreams;
A vision of the solemn night, that o'er my spirit gleams;
I think not of thy quiet sleep, thy calm unbroken rest,
For my hand is clasped within thine own, my lip to thine is pressed;
And softly to my dreaming ear thy voice comes sweet and low;
Alas! for all the weary months, since last I heard its flow!

We meet as we in life had met; I feel thy warm caress,
And thine eye hath still the same deep gaze of thoughtful tenderness;
And we speak the same fond words again, of love and hope and trust,
And I forget my path of tears, and thy low bed of dust;
Forget the wreck that Death has made, the hour that bade us sever,
And deem thou com'st in life and love, mine own again, for ever!

Thou com'st to me in earthly guise, as thou wert wont to come,
When thy smiles brought gladness to my heart and sunshine to my home;
And joyfully I greet thy smiles, thine eye's pure light I see,
But oh! beloved, in heavenly robes come yet in dreams to me!
Come! for my yearning soul would know of that far world of bliss,
Would question if its holy joys quell every thought of this;
Would know the form thy spirit wears in those pure courts above,
And learn the language of the skies, breathed from thy lips of love.

Would question of thy high employ, before the eternal throne—
Oh! in thy robes of glorious light, come! come to me, mine own!
Tell me if we shall meet in joy, when my brief race is o'er,
And hand in hand on angel wings the fields of light explore;
And whisper if a love like ours, in that celestial air,
Shall live with newer, holier powers, unchanged, unchanging there!

M Y U N C L E , T H E P A R S O N .

NUMBER THREE.

ALL are not men, that wear the form of Man;
 Nor all are Dinners, that are Dinners call'd!
 'Tis not the throng of liveried attendants;
 'Tis not the glare of glass; the pomp of plate;
 The lustre of a thousand lamps of gold;
 Nor cumbrous garniture of jellied meats
 That pass untouch'd from banquet unto banquet,
 Filling the Eye perchance but not the mouth;
 Nor all the feasts of HELIOGABULUS
 Without a virtuous welcome from the host;
 Far less the long array of solemn heads,
 With brows all Cain-like with unholy thrift,
 That, dinners having given, would dinner take—
 O no, my heart! not such, not such the fruit
 Wherewith to form that recreation of the Soul;
 That interchange of beautiful communion;
 That joy of bright Olympus! chosen by the Gods
 To charm and to divide the golden hours
 And make after mid-day a second morn of Hope!
 That Violet passage on the wing of Time
 The Wise, with earnestness, a dinner-call!

OLD ALBUM.

'THAT violet passage on the wing of Time,' as the didactick old authour above cited well calls it, if as I suppose he means the dinner-hour, now reached the nicely-sanded parlour at the Inn of good Mistress Roach in the then village of Ipswich. The door opened; and there were ushered into the apartment, the antecedents and partakers of the coming repast, two individuals of grave and respectable appearance; one a thickset man of middle age, and the other a more youthful, and much taller, stouter, larger person, than his companion.

They were two of a class that forms the pride of New-England; and that might well be the boast of any country on the Earth. Men of order, and of truth; men of purpose, men of intelligence, men of action; yeomen of Massachusetts; freeholders of that stern and rugged, but surely not unpropitious soil—if health and strength of body; if tranquil and condensed, yet irrepressible energy of mind, which is with them the almost invariable concomitant of physical force and laborious exertion, can in any degree be considered as tendencies of climate or of nurture.

They had uncased themselves out of the long blue-striped homespun frock that when upon the road had covered each from neck to ancle, and having made free use of the pump at which their cattle also had been refreshed, came into the parlour with the hair around the brows and cheeks still wet with the vigorous ablution they had undergone. They entered like proprietors; and would have had the same bearing if the Inn had been the palace of the Cæsars; and yet there was nothing in their manner either rude, or obtrusive. Calm, hard-featured, swart, athletic men, 'they reminded me as I rose to accost them,' said my Uncle the parson, 'of Ajax the Less, and Ajax Telamon.'

The parties were at home with each other in a moment. These were farmers; and although my uncle the parson had never in the least been a practical agriculturist, he had owned lands and paid taxes; and understood, or thought so, that great mystery for restoring the heart of an Estate, the Succession of Crops—Cattle, and could talk about the breeds; Sheep, for he had sunk money in merinoes; Trees, and the discourse turned partly upon Apples; and then he was recondite upon the Swedish Turnip and the advantage of boiling potatoes for the fattening of Hogs, though he had never chanced to be possessed of any living Specimen of that most interesting Genus. Indeed, in common with many other distinguished individuals whom I have had the honour to know, both as members of his own family, and as travellers among us of high repute from foreign lands, my uncle the parson was I think rarely more entertaining than upon subjects that, except by theories of their own, they all knew very little about.

Then doubt not that he had his own full share of delight in noticing the peculiarities of manner in his temporary associates; in listening as he did with all the charm of his kind heart to a variety of words and inclinations of speech that belong as he conceived to the pure Saxon-English; to the English that obtained, when Milton wrote; or Shakspeare, by the influences of his genius, yet lived in the language he had endured with life.

Words and expressions, that are almost lost or grown obsolete upon our immediate shore, where we have chiefly in our literature and commerce to do with the present trans-atlantic idiom, blighted as it comes to us by common harlotry with the tongues of continental Europe, that have displaced the grand inversions of the old Masters; than which no form of speech is more satisfying to the soul of man; and have substituted in their place the smooth but 'unimpressible' phrases of lands of the olive the citron and the fig. With us in the interior, at least so thought my uncle the parson, the language that we brought abides and bourgeons and is cherished in its native strength and sweetness; among the hills and woodland fastnesses of New-England, as along the Vales of Sleepy Hollow.

All this gratified him highly, and during this cheery companionship and genial interchange that his kind manners had induced, the dimples upon the parson's face were like raindrops that fall quick from Heaven upon a fountain for the simple pleasure of the thing itself; as they can never hope to add to the waters within the circle of its beautiful abundance.

The first course of the repast was now served up. It consisted of one only dish; but that dish was a capacious milkpan pressed into use for the occasion from its ordinary service; earthen ware of a chocolate colour, with vignettes, true-lovers' knots and fantasies, traced upon the sides in yellow paint with a free hand and pencil, before it had been glazed or petrified by the oven for the use to which it was to be destined. In the concave lay the boiled fowls, the pork, and a soft well boiled cabbage; and around upon the

broad margin of this ample receptacle were arranged in fanciful variety and colour, beets, carrots, parsnips, turnips and potatoes.

Nothing could be more thoroughly and precisely cooked; nor, after the parson had invoked the blessing, could anything have been more admirably carved, or more entirely and devoutly enjoyed. My uncle the parson was an adept at the use of the knife and fork. It may be supposed by persons unversed in the science, that the easiest thing in the world is to divide a pair of boiled fowls and slice up a billet of salted pork.

It is not so, my Masters. Nothing is easier indeed than to tear the one, piece-meal; and maul the other into fragments; but to apply the knife with unerring exactness to the line or point at which the division is most gracefully to be made; to let the detached part take with it the exact proportion of the epidermis that clothed it when upon the bird, and not a jot more; to help bountifully and with a liberal heart, and yet with a discretion and reserve that can always, while any thing remains, renew the supply with a part that seems almost as desirable as any that has already been given away—this is *CARVING*. And there is a skill that can almost impart an appetite with a slice of meat to the person that is to receive it, while a good-natured bungling friend, with a mishapen bit of the same viand which he has spoiled your best dish to wrench off, can take away the appetite that had existed and that he has been called upon to satisfy.

It may to some persons, particularly (I have noticed) when judging of the food of other people, seem a matter of indifference or of unimportance what quality of sustenance be used to nourish the body, and in what manner that sustenance be distributed and consumed. 'It is *very* good soup for the poor! really uncommon good soup!' cries the Chairman of a Committee of Supply after tasting it with infinite repugnance and a large silk pocket handkerchief in his hand; 'amazing fine soup!' getting away as far as he can from the steam of it, with the air of a man who has this day done his duty. But this is a state of mind not drawn certainly from Holy Writ, nor from the Divine Example therein contained.

At the Marriage Feast of Cana in Galilee for example, Water was not only immediately converted into Wine for the gratification of the guests upon that festive occasion, but the quality of the Wine thus miraculously provided was so admirable, as to induce the Governour of the Entertainment to expostulate with the bridegroom, upon his having deferred bringing it forth until this late hour of the feast. 'Every man at the beginning of the feast doth set forth good Wine, and when men have well drunk, then that which is worse: but thou,' said he, 'hast kept the good Wine until now.'

It is indeed difficult to read in the Gospel any one among the frequent instances in which our blessed MASTER is represented seated at the table with His disciples or administering to their comforts, without having all the hospitable impulses of the heart awakened and refined by the grace, and (if, consistently with the homage and devotion His name inspires, such a word may be em-

ployed,) the elegance with which for our sakes HE condescended to preside. So eminently remarkable was this characteristick, that although two of HIS disciples had walked and conversed with HIM on the road to the Village of Emmaus, 'three score furlongs from Jerusalem,' listening with 'burning hearts' as HE expounded at large to them the Scriptures concerning HIMSELF, yet did they regard HIM only as a mysterious and enlightened Stranger, until, as HE sat at meat with them, 'HE took bread and blessed it, and brake and gave to them. Then their Eyes were opened and they knew HIM.'

It was impossible for them a moment beyond this act to doubt the unspeakable charm that could belong only to HIMSELF; with which HE originated and dispensed those precious graces of social life that HIS Advent, among yet greater blessings, hath established as a living and universal indication of HIS faith throughout the world. A due and reverent estimate of the creatures of God's bounty; with which we are supplied not merely to satisfy our corporeal wants, but as a means for the interchange of the social affections, and for the growth and free expansion of all the tender charities of life. They are Gifts, to be used freely, cheerfully, hospitably; but skillfully, nicely, in their best condition, and without abuse or waste; gladly, and with singleness of heart; and, my most fair friends, a little good cookery with its proper appliances accomplishes marvels in this way, over the same ingredients used at disadvantage. The mantle of Phocion remember was in its texture coarse as that of Diogenes; but while the one was soiled and tattered, that of the other was throughout his life kept spotless and attractive.

I have endeavoured gentle reader, by this, I hope not impertinent, indulgence of my thoughts, to give time to the good people of the sanded parlour to accomplish without interruption all that they had to do with the first dish, at the hospitable board of good Mistress Roach of the then village of Ipswich; and behold you now the advantage of your kind and patient listening! Here are fresh hot plates, fresh knives and forks, the same noiseless attendance of the lithe and beautiful Rebecca, and a faultless haunch of wether mutton, that lies glowing and blushing at the sound of the praises that are bestowed upon it; swelling out its fair proportions to a circumference one full third greater than it was when the ardent beam of the hickory fire first glanced upon its almost colourless surface, and of whose warmth and constancy it now brings us a remembrance of such a lively pink and brown.

My Uncle, accustomed as he was to excellent specimens of what has been called *parson's meat*, paused for a moment to regard it with the complacency it seemed to challenge, before the gravy welled out from his first incision. From the knuckle-bone to the last joint of the queue, from the Pope's Eye to Queen Elizabeth's bone, each preferable and available slice to be cut transversely or venison-wise, each tendon, layer of fat, and intricacy of sweetness, was as apparent to his practised eye as if marked out before him upon a diagram. He availed himself of his knowledge for the benefit of his companions

at once while the mutton was hot, as courteously as if they had been his home-guests, and listened to their repeated praise as if the fare had been furnished from a flock of his own. But at his own second slice he sent Jim to the pocket of the chaise for a bottle of Worcestershire Sauce; and finding it hardly warm enough for so raw a day, produced a small flat phial with gilt edges and glass stopper that comes to us generally from Smyrna with Attar of Roses, but which was now filled with Cayenne pepper that he used as a reinforcement.

The two farmers were attentive to all his movements. The addition of the sauce, when there was such a full supply of gravy of the dish, seemed to them to be merely a superfluity; but the exploring genius of Ajax Telamon was irresistibly excited by the pepper, a condiment that was altogether new to him; and perceiving that the effect was grateful and appetizing, 'Pray, Sir,' said he, 'would you have the goodness to let me taste a little of your *red SALT*?'

'With pleasure,' replied the parson; 'but I must apprise you that it is pepper, and not salt; pepper of the strongest force, that I received from a friend in the tropicks, and,' said he, handing it to him, 'a very few grains go a great way.'

A half derisive glance at the size of my Uncle and then at his own portly figure seemed to intimate that he thought the caution very little worthy of notice by a man of his cubicular inches. He rapped the bottle on the side as he had seen the parson, to loosen the grains of this fiery stimulant, applied it in the same way but without the same caution to his gravy, and used it freely with his meat.

The pepper was not long in making his acquaintance, but he resisted manfully the first intimations of this internal assailant; hemmed stoutly and repeatedly, as if he were determined to maintain his ground; his face then became scarlet; an unnatural warmth took possession of his frame; the tonsils of his throat began to swell; his eyes glistened, he dashed away a tear from his obstructed sight, spread abroad his arms like Samson groping for the remaining pillars of the Temple of Gaza, and rose in an agony of distress and pain, unimaginable to him in his dreams before. His first note was that of the great brindled Bull in his own cattle-yard at home. The word *ROAR* does no justice whatever to the sound.

Fortunately he did not cough. My Uncle, much concerned at the incident, recommended him to allay the pungency with a glass of water. He caught at the word. He endeavoured to say, 'Will that put it out?' and making for a huge stone jug that had just been replenished, he raised it bodily to his lips, and took a draught, that, had its contents been more genial, might for its length and breadth and depth and height, have won from Bacchus the whole conquest of the Indies.

'Jedediah,' said he as soon as he could articulate, 'for the land's sake, *does* my mouth blaze?'

'No,' said the other with imperturbable coolness, 'but it smokes consumedly Hiram, I tell you.'

Another jar of water seemed to reassure him of his safety against

internal combustion; and his powers of speech in some measure returning, and with them his entire self-possession, he strode in front of my Uncle and accosted him: 'Do you know, Mister, that I took you for a Paärson?'

'I am indeed,' said my Uncle, 'an humble member of the cloth.'

'O you be, be you? And do you think it is any how consistent with your calling to travel about the country in this here way carrying Hell-Fire in your breeches pocket?'

'I was so shocked,' said my Uncle the parson, 'at being supposed to have had the phial in such a preposterous place, and so disconcerted at having been the cause however innocently of his discomfort, that I had very little to say in reply. These long waistcoasts with lapelle pockets overhang the dress in such a manner Brother, that his mistake is almost excusable.' This was said to my Father, and though they both laughed over the recital of the affair, there was an obvious difference in the degree, as well as in the cause of their enjoyment. My Uncle was even then annoyed at the man's mistake about the pocket in the dress, as well as by the occurrence altogether. My Father on the contrary, who thought the parson a little too fastidious on the subject of dress, liked the story all the better for the mistake; and a delicate fibre of something that I will not call malice, was to him in the narration very like a slight dash of Worcestershire Sauce to the gravy of my Uncle the Parson.

JOHN WATERS.

AN IMPROMPTU.

It storms overhead —
It storms underfoot —
Gutters to Rivers spread —
No where stands a dry boot.
Yet cheerful is my fire-side
As youthful groom, or laughing bride.
Thus welcome were the sight
Of friend, with visage bright,
Who on a single crambo line
Like this, will come, *at five*, to dine.
My punch is mix'd and brew'd with care,
My soup and fish in order are,
And every word of praise is tame
To this, that CYNTHIA cooks the game.

Come then, my friend, and let the storm
That reigns without, make doubly warm
The heart within. Life's purest tide
Is spent along the fire-side.

A N O T H E R.

I've a rosy-gilled shad, boil'd right to a bubble,
A quarter of lamb Fulton-Market can't double;
Hot-house peas and green salad,
That might make the sad glad:
Stilton cheese and a cracker
Need no praise for a backer:
Shall I speak of my wine then,
Long conceded divine when
We've joyous met o'er it again and again?
I will not — one word, and no more;
If at all, come at once — 't is a quarter to four.

JOHN WATERS.

S T A N Z A S : ' N O M O R E . '

WHAT time the woods were glorious in decay,
 And gentle airs the fallen leaves were heaping,
 In radiant Autumn, at the close of day,
 While dreamy Silence on the air sat sleeping,
 My truant Fancy holiday was keeping;
 Hope smiled, and Memory ran its tablets o'er,
 And Love a harvest of sweet thoughts was reaping,
 When to my ear there came the words, 'NO MORE!'

No more! Whence comes that vague mysterious cry,
 To break the charm of my delicious musing?
 To bring dismay with its unapt reply,
 The impatient heart's enthusiast hopes refusing?
 Some mischief-loving elf, its power abusing,
 Has sent perchance its gloomy voice before,
 And with strange prescience my mind perusing,
 Thus vexes me with its forlorn 'NO MORE!'

Like frost to flowers it fell upon my thought,
 And chilled my throbbing life-blood to its centre;
 Within my heart a sudden change it wrought,
 And seemed my soul's most hidden depths to enter.
 'Is this,' I asked, 'some lonely wood-frequenter,
 Some Dryad, who its fate doth here deplore?
 Or is it some weird fiend, or dark tormentor,
 Who with sepulchral tone thus cries, 'NO MORE!''

'Tell me,' I said, 'thou mocker! will youth's high
 Wild aspirations come no more to meet me?
 Nor, with impulsive flight, stoop from the sky,
 With lofty schemes to cheer but not to cheat me?
 Will not bright Hope hold out her hands to greet me,
 And wreath my brow with garlands, as of yore?'
 The prophet voice, returning to defeat me,
 But rendered back the baleful sound, 'NO MORE!'

'And what art thou, that thus with hollow voice
 Recalls't the light that o'er my heart was gleaming?
 Hope lingers yet, my loved, my earliest choice!
 And sits enthroned in peerless beauty beaming:
 Say, is she not still full of truthful seeming,
 And will she not yet triumph as before—
 Her promises to youth in age redeeming?
 Shuddering I hear the dread reply, 'NO MORE!'

'But friends are left me still; and they will come,
 Boy-hearted, while I'm down the vale descending;
 Surely among them all there will be some,
 My old familiar friends, who will be bending
 Kind eyes on one who feels the fate impending!
 Will youth and love be ours beyond the shore
 Dark, silent, drear, to which my barque is tending?
 From its lone haunt the wizard cries, 'NO MORE!'

'Tell me, wo-burthened spectre! shall I not,
When my freed spirit from this clay is parted,
Again dream over the enchanted spot
Where Fancy once her rays prismatic darted?
Shall I no more return, all buoyant-hearted,
With young Romance a new world to explore?
Still ending with the cry with which it started,
The ghost returns its dolorous 'NO MORE!'

Deep in my heart-cells sinks the awful word!
A shadow falls upon my spirit's yearning;
Thoughts high and solemn in my breast are stirred,
Of perished joys that know of no returning:
The fearful warning in my brain is burning,
And all seems stranded on a barren shore,
While the blind Future, all the Present spurning,
Rings a remorseless knell in its 'NO MORE!'

OUR KNICKERBOCKER FATHERS.

AN ADDRESS DELIVERED BEFORE THE ST. NICHOLAS SOCIETY ON THE EVENING PRECEDING ITS
LAST ANNUAL FESTIVAL, HELD ON THE SIXTH ULTIMO.

BY JAMES DE PEYSTER OGDEN.

To CULTIVATE and cherish the feelings and the hopes that gave rise to the organization of this Society, with a view to preserve the recollection and perpetuate the memory of our ancestors, the founders of this, the city of our own or of our parents' nativity, should be the end and aim of our common efforts, for the accomplishment of the primary objects of its establishment. The collection and preservation of facts and memorials, connected with the early settlement and subsequent progress of our city, was also among the primitive designs of the association. At the same time the promotion of social intercourse, the cultivation of sentiments of brotherhood and good-will among the members, and the diffusion of the benefits that must flow from the proper application and distribution of the surplus funds of the Society, are among the consequences that must arise from our uniting, with perseverance and zeal, in every endeavor to maintain its character, extend its usefulness, and advance its prosperity, while we celebrate its anniversaries and share in its festivities. These considerations furnish incentives to duty, sufficient to secure the performance of our mutual obligations to each other as descendants of a common ancestry. There are, however, as I conceive, other and even higher aims, and nobler motives, to actuate the Sons of St. Nicholas, and animate us all in the discharge of our duties toward ourselves and our Society.

Attachment to home and to country is not only the first of obligations, but it is among the most sacred and cherished feelings of

our nature ; and it has ever been held honorable among all men to manifest, on every proper occasion, the love we bear to the land of our ancestors and the home of our fathers. Descended as are the great portion of the people of this Union from the Anglo-Saxon stock, we too, in common with the rest of our countrymen, have inherited our portion of the peculiar traits, with the resolute energy of character, that distinguish that race. But while sharing in these advantages, it is our additional and distinctive pride and boast, that the liberal and enlightened Hollanders first settled our city ; that they left, in its early days, the stamp and impress of their character ; while the qualities of the faithful Huguenot and the gay Cavalier, mingling with their own, combined to make of our forefathers a people from whom any nation might feel proud to have descended ; a people who early imbibed and steadfastly supported the principles of civil and religious liberty ; whose persevering industry and stubborn integrity were alike conspicuous ; whose private worth and public virtue were equally worthy of imitation ; whose commercial knowledge and financial skill were universally admitted ; and whose policy in peace and valor in war placed them, although less in numbers than any state in Europe, foremost in the rank of nations, and rendered them justly and proudly conspicuous in the annals of the world.

The mind naturally associates with the spot where our friends and our kindred repose, the recollection of the ties that united and the love that endeared them to us in life ; and the passing tribute of a thought, or a sigh, or a tear, is involuntarily paid to their memory ; as the tree whose drooping boughs seem to weep over the grave that its branches were destined to shelter. But the tree in its turn pays the debt of nature ; the humble stone beneath, where friendship's lay was graven, and the sculptured marble where public honors were recorded, or a people's gratitude inscribed, alike crumble into dust ; another generation enters upon the stage of existence ; when, to meet the wants of increasing numbers, and provide for the population of a crowded city, the habitations of men are erected over the tombs of its founders. All this is inevitable ; it is part of our destiny. But although these frail memorials perish and decay, the names and deeds survive of those they were once designed to commemorate ; for there is left to us what affection treasures up and preserves, what memory transmits and renews, and what history perpetuates as it records. Even Time itself, in its onward march, as if regretting its relentless flight, leaves many a lofty beacon on the way, to guide our course, and consecrate the past. Let then the fame of our primeval ancestors and the memory of our departed sires, the remembrance of their manly virtues and the influence of their bright example, be cherished by the sons of St. Nicholas ! Let us not permit the grateful recollection to be effaced by the improvements of the age, nor lost in the advancement of our career. Let us regard it as a sacred legacy held in trust for those who are to follow us ; that, like the ethereal spirit, it may survive the wreck and change of matter, and be transmitted in purity and freshness to succeeding generations.

The low countries, in the time of Cæsar, belonged to Gaul; and Cæsar considered the Belgians the most warlike of the Gallic tribes. When subdued by the Romans, they paid their tribute in soldiers, and the cavalry thus formed was the most efficient of the Roman army, and constituted the guard of the Roman emperors. During the dominion of Charlemagne, the feudal system was introduced, and his successors obtained only a partial sovereignty over the country; and during the four succeeding centuries, the Netherlands were divided into several small dominions, and acknowledged only a limited allegiance; and it was not until 1383 that a prince of the house of Burgundy obtained supreme authority over the whole territory that afterward became the seventeen united provinces. At the end of the fifteenth century the Netherlands became the school of the fine arts; imitating with success the great artists of Italy in painting, statuary and engraving. The art of printing was early introduced at Harlæm: indeed the claim of its invention in Europe rests between Harlæm, Mentz and Strasbourg. Harlæm claims the discovery with wooden tablets as early as 1430, while its introduction into England, with metal types, did not take place until 1471.

Charles the Fifth, a native of the Netherlands, united the provinces with Spain in 1548. Still the spirit of the inhabitants remained in a great degree free and unsubdued, while Charles himself, as well as the rulers of the Netherlands before his time, always respected the privileges and ancient liberties of the people. But the tyrant Philip the Second was the foe alike of civil and religious liberty. Under his oppressive rule the people became aroused to a sense of their injuries; the nobility also combined in defence of their rights, and entered into a solemn compact not to appear before the nine Inquisitors sent by Philip to execute the decrees of the Council of Trent. A spirit of liberty and of resistance to tyranny soon spread throughout the Netherlands, and the Prince of Orange, though often defeated by the superior forces of Don John of Austria and Alexander of Parma, finally triumphed in the unequal conflict, and nobly secured the freedom of his country. In 1559 the five northern Provinces, Holland, Zeland, Utrecht, Guelders and Freesland concluded the Union of Utrecht, by which they declared themselves independent of Spain. Two other provinces afterward joined them, when, on the twenty-sixth of July, 1581, the United Provinces renounced their allegiance to the King of Spain as a tyrant, and thence arose the Republic of the Netherlands, afterward commonly called Holland, from the superior extent, population and influence of that province; and Holland continued a Republic, and received the title, gloried in the name, and full often suffered and as often nobly triumphed in the cause, for two centuries and a quarter. During a large portion of this eventful period, she was engaged in foreign wars, and but too often was found struggling against domestic dissension, arising from the conflicts of contending parties. In 1747 William the Fourth received the dignity of Stadtholder, hereditary in his descendants; but the ancient spirit of the people rather submitted for a time to circumstances they could not control than

yielded up their ancient liberties to this hereditary succession ; for when the banners of revolutionary France waved on the frontiers, the republican party was again in arms ; the hereditary Stadtholder fled with his family to England ; the old provinces united, and the Batavian Republic was formed in 1795 ; and it was only to the colossal power of Napoleon that Holland finally yielded, when she was annexed to the French Empire in 1806 ; having thus preserved the name of a Republic, and enjoyed its reality for the greatest portion of the long space of two hundred and twenty-five years.

From the period when Holland renounced her allegiance to the King of Spain and became a republic, she commenced her career of greatness. While religious disputes distracted but too many of the other States of Europe, Holland offered an asylum to the persecuted. At the same time her commerce rapidly increased, and she extended her trade to all parts of the globe. The commerce of Antwerp, and Cadiz, and Lisbon fell into her hands. Her East-India Company traded with China and Japan, and conquered islands and kingdoms in the East. They alone supplied Europe with the produce of the Spice Islands, and were the first to introduce the use of tea. The trade in gold and jewels and precious stones was also in their possession ; and in the middle of the seventeenth century the Republic of the United Netherlands was the first commercial State and the greatest naval power in the world. But while thus great in commerce and in the arts, she was also great in arms. Maurice of Nassau, Prince of Orange, was the ablest general of his time, and deemed by many the greatest commander since the days of the Romans. His life was a series of battles and sieges and triumphs. His victories at Neuport and in Brabant, aided by the exploits of the Dutch admirals against the navy of Philip the Second, paved the way for the peace of Antwerp of twelve years' duration.

It was at a later period in the history of our warlike forefathers, that Louis the Fourteenth was foiled in his attempt to humble the daring republicans ; when De Ruyter and the two Von Tromps, father and son, so bravely conquered and so nobly maintained the dominion of the seas, while the fleets of England herself were compelled to yield to the skill and valor of our republican ancestors. It was during the century that followed the achievement of her independence, that Holland was at the height of her commercial greatness, as well as of her military and naval glory ; and it was during this brilliant and auspicious period of her history that she discovered and settled and held New-York.

The States General of the United Netherlands exercised their mild sway over these New Netherlands for about half a century. In 1609, HENDRICK HUDSON, by birth an Englishman, but then in the employ of the Dutch East India Company, entered the bay of New-York and sailed up the river to which he gave his name. The Dutch settlements commenced in 1614, '15, and '16, when they built a small work at Albany called 'Fort Orange.' In 1620 and 1621 the first houses were built in New Amsterdam, then the name of

our city, at the confluence of the North and East rivers. And our Dutch ancestors continued in quiet possession until 1664, when it capitulated to an English fleet, under a claim founded on a grant from Charles the Second to the Duke of York. In 1673, during the war waged by England and France against Holland, the city was retaken by a Dutch squadron; but by the Treaty of Westminster of 1674, the New Netherlands having been exchanged for Surinam, our city was again restored to England, in whose possession it remained until our Revolution broke out, a century afterward. The first Governor of New Amsterdam was WOUTER VAN TWILLER, in 1629. He was succeeded by WILLIAM KEIFT, in 1638; whose successor, in 1647, was PETER STUYVESANT, the last of the Dutch Governors.

History is not as prolific in details respecting this colony as its importance deserved; but we know that under the glorious republic of Holland, in its palmy days, our city took its rise, increased its trade, and advanced in importance for half a century. Holland was then extending her commerce and her conquests over the world, and war had unfortunately become a habit—apparently a necessity. Shortly after the settlement of New Amsterdam, the forces of the Republic took possession of St. Salvador, and afterward held seven of the Portuguese provinces; and the Dutch ships touched and traded at New Amsterdam on their voyages to Brazil. Our forefathers were the first to engage in the fur trade with the Indians; and the commerce with the natives was characterized by fairness and liberality, and they continued on good terms, until the pressure of the descendants of the Pilgrims at the East on the possessions of the Indians, as civilization pressed onward in its course, caused the natives of the soil to regard the white man as the foe of his name and race. The Dutch were then compelled, in self-defence, to make common cause against the neighboring tribes of hostile Indians; and during the administration of Governor Keift, the disputes with the English as to boundaries, the necessity of resisting the encroachment of the Swedish Colony at Newcastle, and the sanguinary battles with the Indians, put in requisition all the energy and abilities of the Governors, and all the valor and patriotism of the people of the infant colony, to face the perils that assailed and overcome the difficulties that surrounded them. Governor Stuyvesant assumed office in 1647. He reduced the Swedish fort at Newcastle, commanding the expedition in person: and compelled the colony to acknowledge allegiance to the Netherlands. Peace with the Indians was restored at least for a time, and the boundary difficulties were adjusted with the English Colonies, and he held his station until he surrendered the city to the English in 1664.

The capture of New Amsterdam by the English, during the existence of peace between Holland and England, was an act of a very aggravated character. The reply of Governor Stuyvesant, September 2d, 1664, to the demand of the British Commissioners for the surrender of the fort, is alike just, ingenious and able. He held out to the last against its surrender; and signed the capitula-

tion only when, finding himself without support, he had no other alternative. But the colony had grown into consequence; its trade was increasing; its position was all-important; and accordingly its possession had become extremely desirable. Although the colony had the right, the *law* was on the side of the strongest. Governor Stuyvesant was a brave and faithful officer, and true to the trust reposed in him by the States-General. But in the exercise of his authority, he does not appear to have gained the confidence or secured the respect and attachment of the free citizens of the New Netherlands.

The people believed that the existing laws were not adapted to the exigencies of the times; that the Government was unable to afford adequate protection or security to life, liberty and property; that its administration was neither politic nor wise, and that the Governor and Council were either unable or unwilling to remedy the evils in the administration of the civil and criminal justice of the Colony; and there is on record a proud and convincing proof that the inhabitants of New Amsterdam belonged to a race of men who knew the value, and were resolved to enjoy the rights, of civil liberty; that they fully appreciated and understood their own privileges, as well as the end and object of civil government. It appears that, amid a general feeling of discontent, arising from causes some of which have just been enumerated, the people resolved to represent their grievances to the Governor, and ask for redress. Accordingly, the Burgomasters of New Amsterdam called on the several Dutch towns to send delegates to a convention to be held in that city in November, 1653; who met and adopted a Remonstrance, couched in spirited yet respectful language, and comprising, in comprehensive terms, the principles of rational liberty and the maxims of free government. They say: 'We acknowledge a paternal Government which God and Nature have established in the world, for the maintenance of peace and the welfare of man, not only in conformity to the laws of nature, but according to the law and precepts of God. We settled here on a mutual contract and agreement with the lord-patrons; with the consent of the natives, who were the first proprietors of the land, and of whom we purchased the soil at our own expense.' They fear that injustice to the natives might tend to outrage and opposition. They charge that large tracts of land are conveyed to favored individuals, to the injury of others; that obsolete laws are put in force, whereby danger is incurred without knowing it; and that officers are appointed contrary to law, and without the choice of the people. They say: 'Our apprehension is to see an arbitrary Government established contrary to the first intention and general principles of every well-regulated Government; that one or more should arrogate the exclusive power to dispose arbitrarily of the life or property of any individual, and this in virtue or under pretext of a law that he might fabricate, without the knowledge or consent of the whole body, their agents or representatives. They object to new laws contrary to the privileges of the Netherlands, and odious to every free-born man, and principally to those

whom God had placed under a free Government;' and add: 'In our humble opinion it is one of our privileges, that in making new laws, our explicit consent, or that of our representatives, is unavoidably required for their adoption.' These were noble sentiments for those early days!

No formal answer having been given to this petition, on the thirteenth December the delegates presented another remonstrance, wherein they declared that if they could not obtain redress or protection from the Governor and Council, they would appeal to THEIR SUPERIORS in the Netherlands. The Dutch inhabitants of New-Amsterdam thus took the lead in this their Declaration of Rights, in thus invoking the primary assembly of the people for a redress of grievances. These were the ancestors from whom we have descended; such were their principles — this was their example. The Governor, astonished at their boldness, ordered them to 'disperse, and not assemble again on such a business;' and his own rule and authority ceased a few years afterward. If Governor Stuyvesant could have appreciated the value and understood the importance of the rights and privileges contended for by these early disciples of liberty; if he had listened to the petition of the representatives of the people, and applied himself to remedy the wrongs of which they complained, he might not have found himself deprived of their support in his hour of need; for the principles they advocated, the rights they claimed, the deep feeling of the wrongs for which they sought redress, and the pure spirit of rational freedom that breathed in every line of their remonstrance, have become part of our inheritance; they were then indeed repressed for a season, but they appeared again with new life and vigor, influenced by this example; and are now destined, as we trust, to survive for ever in the city of their birth, on the very spot of their origin.

We have thus seen that our ancestors early understood, duly appreciated and firmly maintained the principles of civil liberty; that liberty which levels artificial distinctions, and confers on all equal and common rights; which insures respect for the laws, because they are protectors of liberty; those laws which, under a representative government, become the inheritance of a free people. Holland maintained her liberties, and preserved her laws, from the time she threw off the yoke of Philip until the military rule of Napoleon extended over the continent; and when, after the battle of Leipsic, the continent became emancipated from his sway, the Dutch, joining in the general enthusiasm, recollecting what they had been, and feeling what they deserved to be, uttered the shout of gladness: '*The Netherlands are free, and WILLIAM is Sovereign over this Land of Liberty!*'

But the Dutch were also the friends and supporters of religious liberty; that liberty which frees the mind from the thralldom of bigotry, and which dispenses the blessings of religious toleration over a grateful and a happy land. There was indeed a period before the Netherlands had secured their freedom, when religious persecution reared its head; but the people were then contending against the

civil and religious tyranny of Philip, and they gloriously emancipated themselves from both; and again during the struggles between the Orange and the liberal parties, religious dissensions, fomented by political leaders, added their sinister influence to the calamities of internal strife and commotion; and there were not found wanting those who fanned the embers of religious warfare, and thus increased the flames of civil discord, instead of breathing the spirit of conciliation over the murmurs of religious discontent, and pouring the oil of peace and good-will on the troubled waters of contention and error.

But these were exceptions. Our forefathers yielded to religion the homage of grateful hearts, and they willingly paid to its teachers and votaries the attachment and respect due to their sacred calling; but they suppressed the exercise of ecclesiastical oppression, they rejected the errors of fanaticism, they rebuked the spirit of intolerance, and they broke the shackles of superstition. No peculiar mode of worship was privileged above another. Every man was left at liberty to worship his MAKER according to the dictates of his conscience and the convictions of his judgment; while the oppressed and the persecuted of other climes here found an asylum, a sanctuary and a home. Theirs was not a cold, or gloomy or ascetic faith; theirs was the religion which, founded on the basis of everlasting truth, was cherished, beloved and followed for the purity and simplicity of its doctrines and its faith; that religion which became by divine command the day-star and the light that arose on the hopes of our race, and shines bright on the pathway of life.

The PURITAN PILGRIMS, who landed on Plymouth rock, had first sought an asylum in Holland, where they enjoyed the advantage of a residence for eleven years, before they sought the shores of the western world. How far they may have profited by the example of the Hollanders, or to what extent the liberal and tolerant principles of our Dutch progenitors may have tended to ameliorate and enlarge their religious views and sentiments, if aught of improvement in this particular was required, we know not. No acknowledgment, that we are aware of, is on record; no thanks have been awarded by the Pilgrim descendants to the land that afforded their fathers a shelter and a home. And yet the Puritans admitted that they quietly and sweetly enjoyed their church liberties in the States. Yet they were at times restless and uneasy; they found many things amiss; they even found and proclaimed sundry crimes in the Dutch churches; among them, they charged 'That in the public worship of God they had devised and used another form of prayer, reading out of a book certain prayers invented and imposed by men; that they worship God in the idol temples of Anti-Christ;' thereby meaning that the Dutch churches had steeples, organs, etc.; 'that they observe days and times; such as Christmas, Easter, etc.; that they celebrate marriage in church, as if it were a part of the ecclesiastical establishment,' etc.

Our ancestors *did* use that Book of Common Prayer which they considered so beautifully composed, and so wisely contrived by men,

and which is likely to continue in use as long as religion and language shall endure. And their temples of worship *were* adorned with steeples and spires ; and the loud-toned organ lent its music to the choir,

‘WHERE through the long-drawn aisles and fretted vault
The pealing anthem swelled the note of praise.’

Such days and times as Christmas and Easter *were* held sacred by the Dutch, and kept as remembrances and holy-days, and celebrated with cheerful yet becoming thankfulness, by a religious and a tolerant people. And marriage too *was* celebrated in their churches : our progenitors well understood the nature of the solemn yet civil contract ; and the custom prevailed among them of pledging their faith to each other, on these important occasions, with this additional solemnity. They desired that the parties should not forget, amidst its civil obligations, the holier character of that imposing ceremony. They certainly never entertained either the wish or the intention of connecting their marriage vows with their ecclesiastical establishment. But they no doubt intended, for the benefit of the gentler and fairer parties to that contract, that as an example and a guide to the others, they should add the imposing obligation of religious devotion within the temples of their worship, in order to increase the solemnity of this sacred compact, and thereby enforce and strengthen the ties and pledges of mutual dependence and reciprocal attachment.

It is therefore true that the Dutch did, as they have been charged with doing ; but the practises thus denounced having stood the test of ages, and continued to these our degenerate days ; and as a large portion of the Christian world, from conviction, still conform to the usages here charged as crimes, we are warranted in saying that the Dutch were right in their church rituals, and the Puritans wrong in the spirit of these their denunciations. ‘These strangers,’ wrote an ancient Hollander, in his own quaint language, ‘These strangers would persuade us that they are filled with the love of God, and to such a degree, that they have burst all the buttons off their vestments ; a strange way truly of showing it, and very unlike the charity commended of the apostle, which is not puffed up.’ Our forefathers treated the Pilgrims in a spirit of perfect toleration, yet it is quite probable they may have considered them in some respects an over-zealous people. But however this may have been, the Puritans were compelled to suffer what they termed ‘the unendurable penalty of being watched.’

The truth no doubt is, that the zealous Puritans could make no impression on the Dutch in matters of religion. The latter confided in their pure and tolerant faith, as the rule and guide for their own conduct, and were too liberal and enlightened to meddle with the faith or worship of others. They protected all and interfered with none. It would appear, however, that either as a measure of extreme prudence, or it may be of unnecessary precaution, or perhaps as a matter of mere curiosity, our ancestors did keep an eye on their visitors. But the Dutch welcomed the Pilgrims on their arrival with

open arms, and their best wishes and their fervent prayers followed them from their shores. It was fortunate for both that they parted, for it was decreed that their mutual offspring, in after times and under other skies, should form a union that space could not separate nor time destroy.

The descendants of the Pilgrims have always enjoyed one manifest and important advantage over the founders of New-York. They have had industrious historians, and untiring defenders, who have allowed no occasion or opportunity to remain unimproved, to spread before the world, and repeat to all succeeding generations, the accounts of the sufferings and virtues of the early settlers, and the noble efforts of their no less worthy descendants. In all this they have set an example of which we might have availed, to some extent, with advantage. But it is well, it is more than well; it is fortunate, it is thrice fortunate, not only for us but for the human family, that this bold, hardy, adventurous, liberty-loving race, should not have been satisfied with a less extended sphere of thought and action than the one they at last sought and found. Their restless activity, their untiring zeal, their unwavering confidence in their own resources, and their confiding hope in a Protecting Arm above, required a wilderness to be subdued for their own and their children's sake; and they could be satisfied with nothing less than the Western World, as a habitation and a home for themselves, and their posterity.

Our Dutch ancestors, fully aware of the value and importance of the early training of the youthful mind, cultivated with assiduity and care those domestic relations and affections which endear the offspring to the parent, by making their home the cherished object of their attachment, the idol of their youthful hearts, as that home was seen and felt and enjoyed, under a parent's watchful eye, in its sports and its pastimes, its holidays and games. Who has not read with delight, and repeated with pleasure, and who but a son of St. Nicholas could have written, the graphic, joyous account of the New-Year's-Eve Visit of our patron Saint to the youthful recipients of his bounty and his cheer? How we all welcome his jovial advent! We admire his gay and airy equipage; we hear the stamping of his impatient steeds; we wonder at his curious entrance — we regret his sudden exit; while we strive in vain to follow him in his rapid course; and yet we know not, nor should we inquire too minutely, how much of history may be embodied in the recital, or how far imagination and fancy may have embellished the tale.

Let not the dignity of age nor the gravity of years mock at the joys of childhood, the gambols of youth, and the scenes of our early days. It is alike pleasing and instructive to go back in imagination, and retrace our footsteps in 'life's morning march,' when our spirits were buoyant and gay; that spring-time of life, when 'earth was green beneath us, and the skies were bright above;' when all was joy and gladness, and no cloud of gloom or sorrow had shaded the brow. How distinct are the impressions, how quick the discernment, how correct the discrimination even of childhood, after its own way, and

in its own familiar sphere; and how serviceable are the recollections, how pregnant with many a useful lesson, to maturer years! The absence of respect for age and experience; the impatience of restraint, and the want of submission to parental admonition, and of obedience to parental authority, are among the most objectionable as well as striking features that are but too often displayed in our country. It is the fault of early education—not of our institutions. Filial respect and obedience should be combined with affection and love, that the child may be led to look up to his parent as his friend and companion, no less than his counsellor and guide, his director and instructor. The fireside of the Hollander is exhibited in glowing colors on the canvass of the painter, and celebrated in story and in song. There met and mingled the attachment of kindred, the love of offspring; every tender tie, every fond endearment, every kindred association, every hallowed recollection; to be treasured up in the garner of their affection, as they brightened the circle of domestic felicity and clustered around the hearth of home.

The first dawns of the youthful mind, 'man's break of day,' are displayed under the parent's eye, and it is for them to permit that dawn to be obscured by the clouds of error, or cheered and enlightened by the rays of moral and intellectual truth. For the moral impressions, the genial influences, and the gentler affections, as awakened in early life, at home, serve as bright and beaming stars not only to guide our erring reason in its earlier efforts, but to direct our future course. The want of this early training, of this parental education, of this direction and exercise of the gentler virtues in the opening mind, has led astray many a noble nature. It has marred the prospects of the greatest, and blasted the hopes of the proudest. While, as regards that mighty mass, whose weal or wo must exert, for good or ill, its lasting influence on the character of our institutions and the destinies of our republic, the consequences of the absence or neglect of this early training on the unsubdued, unrestrained and unenlightened minds of youth, are seen in those desolating tempests that sweep with destructive force over the fair face of nature, and strew with many a wreck the stream of time.

But although these paramount obligations should ever be considered as primary objects of devotion, they should not occupy our thoughts and attentions to the exclusion of other no less essential and important duties of life; for although of necessity the *first*, they should not form the *only* sources whence to derive the consolation of having performed our duty to ourselves and to society. It has sometimes been charged upon the descendents of Dutch ancestry, that they restrain within the limits of domestic life not merely its appropriate feelings and attachments, but that experience and those attainments also which require but space and room—a sufficient object and a proper direction—to become enlarged, and embrace within their range all the relations and ties that should connect and bind us to our common country. They are thus supposed to retain within the sphere which they imagine these duties have described, that worth which should endear them to the world,

and thus confine within the narrow circle of self what was equally intended for friendship and mankind. If this be so, or if aught of this be true, no common object can so beneficially divert, or so properly direct and fix the attention, enlist our feelings, arouse our patriotism, and awaken the energies of the mind, as a Society like this, formed for objects so worthy in themselves, and so dear to us all. In the exercise of its duties, or when joining in its festivities, we leave and forget for a moment our severe duties and labors and cares, and we hail the return of its anniversary as a pastime and a holiday of life.

Assembled in the birth-place of our ancestors, in honor of their memory, we cannot but feel an anxious wish, a laudable desire, to strive to emulate their virtues, and prove worthy of a portion of their fame; and as the remembrance of a common ancestry begets mutual good-will, we are disposed to entertain kindlier feelings toward our fellow men; and as each joins the other in tracing the associations of the past, and bringing back the recollection of days gone by, we rekindle the fires of our youth, and are warmed by a generous enthusiasm; and when we pledge the memory of the **FOUNDERS OF NEW-YORK**, we naturally recur to own responsibilities as their lineal descendants, and as the inheritors of their patrimony and their name. And when we consider the rapid advancement, the palmy state, and the future prospects of our city, and then bear in mind that it constitutes so important and integral a part of this Great Union, we are led to reflect on the never-ending benefits of that union to all the parts of which it is composed; and thus, by a natural gradation, we are induced to extend our views, and elevate our hopes, and direct our aims to the contemplation of the welfare of our common country, and the destinies of our Native Land.

And what is the city that our ancestors have left us for our inheritance, and what are our duties as possessors of their patrimony? New-York, from its extraordinary natural advantages, was destined to be the commercial emporium of this continent; attracting to itself not only the intelligent and the enterprising of the Old World, but affording to citizens, from every part of our extended country, an appropriate sphere of action, as well as employment and occupation for their diversified talents and acquirements. Placed at the confluence of an arm of the sea and a noble river that unites its waters with the ocean at her very feet; open at all seasons to the commerce of the world; rapidly increasing in population, which is now exceeded in numbers only by some of the capitals among the cities of Europe; occupying the centre of the Union on its ocean boundary, and supported by the influence of the enlightened and liberalizing aid of an extended commerce, which identifies and reconciles so many conflicting interests, our city may become a rallying point where extremes of opinions, or it may be of error, may meet and mingle in reconciliation. Fortunate in her ancestors, safe in her position, proud of her attachment to the Union, and powerful in her commerce, her enterprise and her public spirit, New-York must remain a tower of strength amid the bulwarks of our Republic.

The Hudson, that contributes so largely to the greatness of our city, from the point where it receives its tributary from the west to its outlet in the Atlantic, possesses perhaps the greatest extent of serviceable tide-water navigation of any river that is known. Considering the depth of its channel, and its freedom from obstruction; its exemption from sudden and injurious ebbs and flows, either from its sources of supply or the tides of the ocean; its relative position; the vast country that is supplied by its means, and sends its products to its shores; the directness of its course, the salubrity of the climate through which it passes, and the great mart of commerce to which it is tributary, the Hudson may be called the safest as well as the most useful river in the world, and second in importance only to our boundless outlet of the west. Two centuries and a quarter ago, our forefathers erected Fort Orange at the head-waters of navigation. One-third of a century since, on the waters of the same Hudson, FULTON made his successful experiment with the mighty power of steam, which has advanced our country to an extent and with a rapidity that defy calculation. The speed of our river steamers is now four times as great as that of Fulton in his day of triumph. By the aid of the same power we travel with the speed and on the wings of the wind, and internal communications connect and bind together the distant parts of our extended Union. England boasts of her twelve hundred miles of rail-road; *we* have constructed nearly three times that extent; while our Erie Canal and Croton Aqueduct are works to which Europe can produce no parallel. Removed from the influence, and unconnected with the interests, of the Old World, if we are mindful only of our own true glory, we have a career of greatness to pursue, with which none can effectually interfere; for with one common object in view—the happiness and security of the greatest number—and one common fate and destiny, firmly united in the preservation of our glorious Union, we need fear no ills but such as our own faults or errors may create. We have seen that the troubles which often annoy, and sometimes alarm, will disperse at their own time and of their own accord; while the gathering clouds that occasionally impend in our political atmosphere, will be found to resemble the mists and vapors that hang upon our lofty mountains, forming the cloudy curtain of the sky: If we are but true to ourselves, our own hands may draw aside the veil, and display the distant horizon, clear and bright and boundless as the hopes of our people and the prospects of our country.

But as NEW-YORKERS, let us ever remember the principles and example of our Dutch progenitors, not only for our own sake, but for that of our common country. Let us exercise a portion of that patience and perseverance which securely attains its end, rather than the hasty zeal which often outstrips the object of pursuit. Let us practice that economy which is displayed in the proper use of time and money. Let us hold fast by that integrity which justified and consecrated, while we practice the charity and benevolence which alike improved and adorned the wealth which their industry and enterprise accumulated. Let us emulate that stubborn virtue

which, firm in defence of its own rights, always respected the rights of others ; and when remembering, with grateful homage, their glorious example, as the early, consistent and steadfast friends of civil and religious liberty, let us for ever honor their memory, while we rejoice in the name of the Sons of St. NICHOLAS.

THE J U D G M E N T O F T H E D E A D .

BY MARY GARDINER.

DIOBOROS has recorded an impressive Egyptian ceremonial, the judgment of the dead by the living. When the corpse, duly embalmed, had been placed by the margin of the Acherusian lake, and before consigning it to the bark that was to bear it across the waters to its final resting place, it was permitted to the appointed judges to hear all accusations against the past life of the deceased, and if proved, to deprive the corpse of the rites of sepulture. From this singular law not even kings were exempt.

With sable plume and nodding crest,
They bore him to his dreamless rest,
A cold and abject thing ;
Before the whisper of whose name
Strong hearts had quailed in fear and shame,
While nations knelt to fling
The victor's laurel at his feet ;
Now gorgeous pall and winding-sheet
Were all that royalty could bring
To mark the despot and the king :
In solemn state they swept the glowing strand,
To meet the conclave of the judgment band.

And soon with bright exultant eye,
Where fierce revenge flashed wild and high,
Accusers gathered fast ;
From prison-keep and living grave
Came forth the mutilated slave,
With faltering step aghast :
And sightless men with silver hair,
The record of their dungeon air,
Who for long years had sought to die,
And wrestled with their agony
Till thought grew wild and intellect grew dim ;
The clanking fetter's mark on every limb.

With pallid cheek and eager prayer,
And maniac laugh of dark despair,
The widowed mother stood ;
And with white lips, an orphan throng
Rehearsed a fearful tale of wrong,
And misery and blood :
And strong in virtue others came,
The countless victims to proclaim
Of vengeance, perfidy and dread,
Who slumbered with the silent dead.
The world might start, the sable plumes might wave,
But for that haughty king there was no grave !

Oh! ye who press Life's crowded mart,
With hurrying step and bounding heart,
A solemn lesson glean!
Beware! lest when ye cross that stream
Whose breaking surges' farthest gleam
No mortal eye hath seen;
Discordant voices wake the shore,
The struggling spirit would explore;
And to the trembling soul deny
Its latest resting place on high:
Our acts are judges that must meet *us* there,
With seraph-smiles of light or fiendish glare!

Shelter-Island.

NED BUNTLINE'S LIFE-YARN.

NUMBER TWO.

With anxious eyes the crew and passengers watched during the remainder of the day their brig, as spar by spar and plank by plank she sundered, and gave herself piece-meal, as if unwillingly, to the hungry waters. Oh! how it pains a sailor to see his gallant bark thus shivered and torn in the merciless hands of the wrathful storm-king! Even as a mother watches a sick or dying infant, and sees hope by hope vanish, even like the health-tint from its brow, so gazes a sailor on the parting planks of the noble craft which he has guided through many a stormy peril; the *home* of his heart; the object of his pride in port, the safety of his life and fortune on the sea.

Before the sun had sunk beyond the western sky-line, the last plank of the ill-fated brig had burst its iron fastenings, and half-buried in bubbling foam, drifted shoreward. And *that sun-set!* oh, how glorious! The storm-clouds, before close knit together, black and fearful, were now a scattered mass of dark, ragged, flying shadows of the departed storm; and as they fled, the softening sun-rays lit upon their wings and gilded them with hues of gold. The sun went down as some tired warrior goes to death in the hour of victory; calmly gazing upon the flying remnants of his shattered enemy: so went that sun down amid the broken clouds of the dying storm. And then came Mars and Venus forth to take an evening walk over their azure promenade, perchance to talk of the how and when rude Vulcan toiled over his forge to make for them a net. And anon, in all her cold stateliness, strode Dian forth to watch the acts of all night-walking lovers, and to bother the light-fingered followers of Mercury. Is it not a glorious sight to watch the change from sun-set till the stars have all lighted their beacons? To watch each shining one, as it springs through the flimsy web of twilight and takes its stand in the gemmed hall of light, as some fair beauty from behind a curtain glides suddenly into a brilliant ball-room! And then, when the broad-faced moon comes out with her smiles, loose-

flung over wood and wave, walking over the little stars without ceremony, or burying them in an oblivion of light, is not the change complete, striking, magnificent? It tells us God is here! So thought NED and the beautiful Jewess, as they leaned over the taffrail, looking at a duplicate sky that lay asleep upon the waters, which now were calm as an infant's slumbers.

'Edward,'* said the Jewess, as they thus stood in lover-like proximity, 'I have heard men speak, and have oftentimes read, of some 'bright particular star' reigning at our birth; and that that star hovers over us through our lives; sometimes dim and sometimes bright. Napoleon thought that he had such a star. I have been tempted to believe in this Chaldean theory. Edward, have *you* such a star?'

'No, lady!' responded the youth; 'I was born on a wild March night; and when I came upon the earth, the elements were all in fierce battle and deafening turmoil. *There was no star in the sky when I was born.* Clouds, black and fearful, hung like a pall of Nature's saddest weaving; the winds sang loud threatenings, or shrieked their warnings to the homeless and wandering. The red lightning's glare, as it fringed the ragged zig-zag clouds, was all the light, save a poor taper's feeble glimmering, that welcomed me to earth. No, lady, no! I have *no* star!'

'The star of Hope beameth on high for *all* to gaze upon,' said she, in a low, sweet voice, that sounded like flute-music from afar over the evening-hued waters.

'For what have I to hope, fair girl? A life of peril, toil and hardship; a death suddenly coming on the ocean, or hours of lingering illness, before I die, in some noisome hospital, perchance in a foreign clime, with want and misery for my attendants? Such, alas! is too often the fate of the American seaman; such, lady! may be mine.'

'No, oh no!' exclaimed the feeling girl, while lustrous pearls hung pendant from those large black eyes; 'no, this cannot, must not be. You must leave the sea. When my father died, he left me wealth; and Miriam Dwyer is her own mistress. Edward, you *must* leave the sea!'

'Dear Miriam! speak not so wildly; we are both children.'

'I speak not wildly; you are the saviour of my life—be its future protector. You are alone—be so no longer. *We are young*; but LA FAYETTE married, at sixteen, a wife younger than myself. Did he regret that marriage when in the gloomy prisons of Olmutz? Oh, think me not indelicate; but mine is the power to render you happy. I know it—I feel it. Edward—*we love!*'

'*We do!*—but it cannot be. Generous, grateful girl! I cannot take advantage of your kindness. When years have tested our hearts; when perchance I may have gained a name and place

*It is in *events*, not in days and hours, that we may be said to live long; and the events recorded in my last chapter had done more to strengthen our knowledge of, and feeling for each other, than months of land-companionship. These records are *true*; this I wish the reader to know, for our present and future good understanding.

among the *known* of earth; when I feel myself *worthy* of you, then I may resume this theme again; till then, dear girl! let it not be resumed.'

She gasped but two dear precious words of love and gratitude; then fell fainting in Ned's arms, and was borne below.

THE sun looked out next morning on a sky clear as an unblemished pearl. The waves no longer wore a crest of snowy foam; deep, calm and blue, they rolled on, softly as heaves a maiden's breast before sighs have found their way within it. And then came the fresh warm south wind in a steady breeze. Soon the schooner's anchor was weighed; soon fell her snowy pinions from the yards; and then on she swept like some graceful queen in flowing robes, gliding with noble ease over an azure carpet. Inside the reef, over many a bed of branching coral, over many a forest of sea-fans, bore she on toward the north. At last, when the Key Biscayno lighthouse loomed up from Cape Florida, she again sought the blue waters of the Gulf Stream, and up along that lovely coast she sped full swiftly. When the wind came quartering off the land, the sea bore upon its heaving breast loads of perfume from the orange and lemon groves, and the myrtle-breath nestled in its waves. There are few coasts more pleasant to sail than that of East Florida. The water runs deep close in-shore, and in calm weather you may run within a hundred yards of the beach, enjoying all the rich variety of land and sea scenery at one and the same time. Some foolish land-lubbers have *Ingrahamatically* described a sea-voyage as being *monotonous*! Are the outlines of peerless beauty monotonous to the blind? Is the eloquence of a soul-winning orator monotonous to an idiot? Then, reader, from these deductions take *my* opinion of all who pronounce a sea-voyage monotonous. Have we not changes, continual variations of wind and weather, requiring a corresponding activity on the part of those on board? Have we not our games of amusement, as varied and as many as the changes in woman's fickle nature? Have we not our books and charts? Have we not instruments to trace each line, and give a place and name and altitude to every star that gems heaven's azure concave? Have we not our yarn-spinning circle of jovial fellows, our brotherhood of soul-joined, heart-united ones? Have we not our hours of merriment and our times of peril; each chasing hard upon the heels of the other? Do not the sea-birds give us music, and does not the mighty 'voice of many waters' sing our nightly lullaby? Cannot we lie on our backs, on a spare studding-sail, and gazing sky-ward, fancy every shape in nature, from among the ever-changing, wind-swept clouds of heaven? Is there monotony in all this? Go to! go to! Show me the dull scribbler in his musty garret; cob-webs for his rigging, dust for a sweetener to his atmosphere; dirty walls in quarto before his aching eyes, and a manuscript for which he'll scarce get enough to pay for the crackers and cheese which has fed his flickering life-lamp; and then I'll tell you if there's *monotony*

afloat or ashore. Ask the poor factory girl, who toils fourteen or sixteen hours out of the twenty-four, if she would leave that endless heart-drying loom, to cruise upon the 'glad waters of the dark blue sea;' think you she would cry monotony then? Again I say, Go to! ye sea-sick lubbers, who call 'God's mirror' monotonous! Ye are worse than Atheists. I'm wroth with the whole race of ye; and in this mood I'll end this chapter. 'Monotonous,' indeed! monotonous!

CHAPTER FIFTH.

READER, we'll not tell you of the passage home, or how the 'Mary C——' sped in her wild swiftness; how she battled the squalls of Hatteras, and Virginia's stormy capes; but you may fancy yourself standing, a few days after the time of our last chapter, on Gloucester-point, a little way below the city of Philadelphia. It is NEW-YEAR'S DAY. Look city-ward. See how toy the gay flags, the many-colored banners, with the fresh breeze and the golden sun-beams. Nature has put on her brightest dress of the season, and met the young year with a smile on her face; but, as you look to the groves, you see that she is in half-mourning for the old one, who bore away her green leaves, her sweet flowers. Nature smiling on a wintry day, is like Grief laughing at a funeral. But, look! look down toward the island—Reedy Island. Do you not see a gallant craft, with many a snowy wing outspread, speeding along the glittering river, the foam curling back from her prow? It is the 'MARY C——.' Her trip is nearly ended. Come on board of her, reader; does not her appearance invite you? How beautiful! with her tall tapering masts clothed in virgin white, from the deck up even to their peaks; and above all, our beloved 'flower-flag' waving as if it knew the proud destiny of the nation it represents. And then how smoothly and swiftly glides that beauteous craft through the still waters, as if she was skimming over, rather than parting them! Beautiful and gallant was she after whom thou wast named, noble craft!—but not more so than thou art now in thy gala-dress dancing on thine own element!

On the deck stands the weather-bronzed captain; around him his passengers, all taking a gladsome look at the city. NED too is there; he stands at the helm guiding the schooner with easy hand, and by his side is Miriam Dwyer, the lovely Jewess. Her look is sorrowful, while joy sits on all other countenances. She is sad, for a parting is near. And so is Ned, though he has other reasons for sadness. He is approaching a city where but a few short days before he left a father whom he feared but respected, a mother whom he loved, a sister whom he *adored*; left them without a word or a tear. And *Thought* told him what a few days might have wrought. Death rides on a swifter chariot than Time; Death hath never felt the smile of Mercy; and that sister, that mother, that father, where might they be? *Thought* to the absent is often, alas! too often a fearful plague.

But see! the schooner nears the city; aloft fly the ready seamen, ready to fold close those snowy wings, when their vessel's flight is ended. Now they pass the Navy-Yard, and then glide along by the piers, which are filled with gay parties, who with waving 'kerchiefs and scarfs shout a welcome to the *Homeward Bound*. They are at the foot of Pine-street; the captain raises his trumpet: 'Stand by,' he shouts, 'sheets, halliards, clewlines and buntlines! In of all cheerily! furl away, boys; make snug, and then come down to the wharf fastenings!'

In an instant every spar was bare, every sail was almost entirely hidden. Still under her head-way, the schooner moved gracefully on past Walnut and Chesnut-streets, until she reached Race-street, where, with one turn of the helm, her course changed and she floated in a moment more beside the wharf, where stood her owner, ready to ask, '*What luck?*' We'll let him and the captain talk of that, while we follow Ned and Miriam, who have disappeared. In the schooner's elegant after-cabin, he sits, with her head on his shoulder. Her heavy sobs almost choke her utterance, but hear her words:

'Edward, must we part?—so soon, and after such a short life of happiness? It will break my heart! You saved my life once—oh! save it now!'

'Dear Miriam, be calm—be womanly. Absence, distance, *time* can never change true hearts. Our separation will not be eternal; yet for a time we must indeed part. I cannot go with you!'

'Then I go *alone*!' sobbed the poor girl; but all was ready for their departure, and she was soon called to join her friends. The steamer that was to bear her away lay puffing off her steam like a big baby of Impatience kicking in a close cradle; and soon the party, accompanied by Ned, were on her decks.

'Dear Edward!' whispered Miriam, 'write to me in Baltimore, and after that in Galveston, Texas; and remember that I remain *unmarried** till you—till you see me.'

Oh, how roseate was her blushing cheek, how liquid her soulful eyes, as she said this! And then the steamer's bell rang its startling peal, and to those lovers it seemed the death-knell of joy. They parted. He sprang ashore; the steamer backed out, then dashed down the river on her destined course. Slowly and with down-cast eyes, betokening a sad and thoughtful heart, Ned walked back toward his vessel.

He was just stepping on board, without noticing who stood on the deck, when he was addressed by a voice which made him start convulsively. It was stern, cold and harsh; it was his *father's* tone.

'So, Sir! you have returned? I suppose you are sick of the sea, and are willing to ask my forgiveness; and, if I permit you to come home, to do as *I wish*, not as *you* will—eh?'

'No, Sir,' answered Ned, calmly but proudly; 'no, Sir; I ask no

* MIRIAM DWYER is still unmarried, and more beautiful than ever. Oh, Woman! thy name is *Constancy*!

home from you; I have found a dearer home on the breast of the glorious ocean; cordial friends and honest men share with me my oaken dwelling; and, Sir, none here dare *strike* me; no one *would* strike me; they all love me too dearly.'

'Is this your choice, degenerate boy!—a life of hardship and peril shared with such associates; is this the life which you choose, in preference to one of luxury and ease, where you would have nothing to do but to study?'

'Father, a life of honor with these rough men, a life of peril and hardship, in preference to a life of luxury, where in a fit of hasty anger I may be struck to the earth, like some refractory slave; *any* life, Sir, but that!'

'Boy! do you know my power and my rightful authority? Do you know that I could drag you home tied like a felon, and *lock* you there?'

'Sir, *do* so! Bind me and bar me; but remember, no locks, bonds or bars can bind my spirit. It is *free*; free as the glad albatross that skims far and wide over the ocean, and sleeps when it listeth on the bosom of the wave that feeds it. Exercise your 'rightful authority,' Sir, if you choose; but bind me strong and bar me well. I love the ocean! The sea is my home; and beware, Sir, lest I seek it again, in spite of bolts and bars. Love like mine defies both.'

'Boy! it is well! You have chosen! Never enter my house again. From this moment I disinherit you for ever! Not one farthing of mine shall ever cross your palm! Now, Sir, *enjoy* your 'prospects'—enjoy your 'associations!'

'It is well, my father—father no longer! I have anticipated your kind disinherittance. Since you disgraced me with a *blow*, I have not borne your name. My energies, my hopes, my ambition, and all of the *man* which God has given me, will carry me alone through the world. '*Resurgam*' is my motto—independence my character! Farewell, Sir; you might have made me all you could have wished—now I will *make myself*!'

The father turned sternly away and strode up the wharf. The son turned tearfully around toward the captain, who met him with open arms:

'Ned, cheer up, my boy!' said he; '*I'll* be your father *now*. Cheer up! We sail to-morrow, with a load of flour for Rio de Janerio. If you want any thing, run down to my locker and get some money, and go ashore and buy it; there's the key. Come, boy! do n't be down-hearted. Grief is like an anchor in the hold, where it can't be got at; it only weighs down the ship, without being of any use!'

Ned brightened up; he felt that he was not friendless, but he did so long to see his sister and mother! Alas! that sister cared not for him, though he loved her so dearly. Her aim was to supplant him in parental affection. Her hatred was, oh God! how *unnatural*! But it *was*!

But a truce to sadness, and ho! for the merry sea!

S T A N Z A S .

My love is now no earthly love,
No perishable form ;
The one I worship dwells above
The sunshine and the storm :
Her image in my heart is warm,
Though none would know 't was there,
So many years have passed since she
Went to breathe heavenly air.

But lately, wandering in a wood,
I caught within a brook
Which mirrored that dark neighborhood,
The sadness of my look ;
Reading therein, as in a book,
The story of my life,
I saw the world had naught for me ;
Father — nor friend — nor wife.

Too much among my kind I dwell —
Their thoughts are none of mine ;
And such companionship is hell
To one remembering thine.
All pleasures — friendship, music, wine —
Come coldly to my heart ;
From noisy mirth I steal to walk
Where thou so silent art.

Oft in the ruder glare of noon,
Amid the hurrying crowd,
I see thy grave beneath the moon,
And thee within thy shroud :
And when the voice of men is loud,
Amid the roar I stop,
And hear again the rooty clods
On thy smooth coffin drop.

Such fancies token, I am told,
A weak, distempered brain ;
And often, ere the limbs are old,
The mind begins to wane.
There is a mansion where th' insane
In guarded chambers dwell ;
Oft on its walls I gaze, and say,
' Is there a vacant cell ?'

But there is yet one dwelling-place,
Which I would rather choose ;
'Tis where on thy sharp, marble face
Drip the slow-soaking dews.
I wander there alone to muse,
The church-yard's frequent guest,
And leaning on thy tomb-stone, sigh,
' When shall I, too, have rest ?'

THE NEW PHILOSOPHY.

BY THE ARCH-HUMBUG.

TREATS OF SACKS: AND OF SACKS, THE SACK DEGENERATE.

'LITTLE BO-PEEP has lost her sheep,
And can't tell where to find them:
Leave them alone, and they'll come home,
And bring their tails behind them.

'Little BO-PEEP fell fast asleep,
And dreamt she heard them bleating;
But when she awoke, she found it a joke,
For still they were all fleeing.

'Then up she took her little crook,
Determin'd for to find them;
She found them indeed, but it made her heart bleed,
For they 'd left all their tails behind 'em.'

MOTHER GOOSE.

A MISFORTUNE similar to the one so touchingly described by that sublime poetess, Mother Goose, has befallen the Arch-Humbug in the case of that portion of his flock wearing the Sack Degenerate. They have '*left all their tails behind 'em!*'

What then is the Sack Degenerate?

As its name implies, it is emphatically a 'runty' scion of the parent Sack Proper. It resembles the latter in some respects, but it fits closer to the figure, and is considerably shorter. If the inside coat of a man show itself below his sack, or if wearing no inside coat his sack is barely sufficient for the preservation of decency, then may you safely pronounce it one of the 'Degenerate.' This variety bears about the same relation to the former in size and appearance as does broccoli to the cauliflower.

The Sack Degenerate usually makes its appearance upon a man a year after the Sack Proper. This fact I scarcely know how to account for. I have sometimes fancied that men wear the large sack one year, and economize the next in the scant one; but for my part I would rather stint myself in fire, or food, than in cloth; I would prefer depriving myself of a little amusement, or of a party or two, to making my appearance in the street in the semblance of an overgrown school-boy. Again, it has occurred to me that nature has operated in this case as in every other, to restore the equilibrium of things: if she gives us a remarkably fine crop one summer, we often see the harvest fall short in the next. Thirdly, I have occasionally imagined that the sack may in its nature resemble certain plants, which will flourish very well, and grow luxuriantly for one season, but after that become weak and puny; or many imported seeds, which for one year produce fine plants which perhaps arrive at maturity, but the seeds gathered from them will grow up into poor, spindly, insignificant caricatures of vegetable life.

The Sack Proper may be likened to a Doctor Johnson, the Sack

Degenerate to his Boswell. A sound turnip, and one that has been frozen and thawed, may represent the two garments. If the Sack Degenerate be not a stunted variety of the genus Sack, it is a base, contemptible imitation of the pea-jacket of the seamen.

These gentlemen in short sacks invariably bring to my remembrance Rabelais's 'ten thousand panniers full of bob-tailed devils.' I am inclined to suspect them of being disciples of Lord Monboddo, who, supposing with him, that in the lapse of time, and amid the various mutations of the whole human race, the primitive tail of the *genus homo* has been gradually worn away and eradicated, (till at length it has totally disappeared and left not a trace behind,) wish in like manner to get rid of the artificial tail of the outward man. Strange that any human being should be visited with an inclination to resemble a bull-terrier!

This propensity to dock, which appears to be inherent in our nature, and confined to us alone, we have seen exercised in the horse, the sheep, and other domestic animals; but no one could ever have dreamt that man himself would under any circumstances become the victim of the passion. All the indignities we inflict upon the brute creation man has hitherto been privileged from. Now that we and our clothes are threatened with, yea! made subject to, one, and not the least, of these injuries, it hath become the duty of every good man to resist this innovation. Ye blind leaders of the blind, ye know not what ye do! It is not the mere cutting off of three, or six, or eight inches of cloth, that I exclaim against; *that* should not move my steadfast soul. But what I fear, is this; that if this fashion extend itself among all classes, we shall become a nation of conceited men!

Tailors—where are ye? Why do ye not raise your voices, and protest against this saving of cloth, this libel upon the taste of the age? Let us return if you will to the doublet and the cloak; but away with this mockery of a tail, this termination which ends where it ought not! Let us be tail-less animals, or animals with decent tails! Let us approximate to the untrimmed game-cock, not to the conceited and curly-tailed drake!

I am convinced that a short tail is an indication of conceit in man or any other animal. A docked horse, I am positive, is a much more conceited beast than a long-tailed one. The ape with merely an abbreviated attempt at a tail, or the pig with a concise and spiral one, is a much more distinguished animal, in his own opinion, than is the lordly tiger or princely lion, possessing (to speak scientifically,) a much more considerably produced caudal extremity. By the way, it is a curious coincidence, that M. Granville, the illustrator of La Fontaine's fables, has almost invariably depicted the docked, short-tailed, or tail-less animals in a garment which is an exact representation of the Sack Degenerate, while he has given to the long-tailed beasts a coat corresponding, or a wide and flowing mantle. Did he perceive the analogy?

Look at the wren. He is unquestionably the most pert and conceited of all birds. And why? He cannot help being so; the dis-

position arises from his short tail; it is his destiny, indicated by his tail; written on it by nature, in characters not to be misinterpreted. Any one who never saw the bird before, could read his character without the necessity of referring to Wilson, or Audubon, or anybody else.

The tail of any animal is in my opinion intimately connected with, and a sort of expositor, (infallible, if we can but hit upon the correct principles of judging therefrom,) of his moral and intellectual faculties. Why, if it be not so, do scientific men always describe the size of a beast or bird, by giving the length from the tip of the nose, the very centre of the parts in which the mental faculties are supposed to reside, the middle of the visage, the organ on which depends much of its expression, to what?—to the end of the tail—the *end*, mark!—comprehending that member from its very beginning, from its first rudiment, to that undefinable point where it fades away into nought—the *whole tail*, showing that they attach infinite importance to that perquisite, as it may be called, of beasts.

How did the ass of old, or as others have it, the Devil, evince his surpassing conceit and absurdity? *By painting his tail sky-blue*. ‘Neat but not gaudy!’ as he pithily expressed his opinion of the effect of the decoration. Why did he exercise his taste in coloring upon his tail, rather than his ears, or his hoofs, or any other part of him? Why did Shakspeare speak of a ‘rat without a tail,’ but as meaning a monster destitute of the very essence and insignia of his race? What would become of a fish without his tail? Would he not be at the mercy of every current, little better than a ship without a rudder? Would a Canadian carman swear so much, so fast, and so long in bad French, were the tail of his cart prohibited? No, no! A thousand times, no! Doth not much depend on the tail of the kite; is it not in truth the most important member thereof? Who would take any notice of, or trouble his head about, a comet without a tail? Sages might sit up to watch the peregrinations of such a wandering light; they might be all agog to account for the phenomenon. But what would we common people think about it? *A comet without a tail!* Disgraceful! Immodest! Do n’t speak of it!

It is true, that astronomers say, that when a comet approaches very close to the sun, the tail is no longer discernible. This fact they explain by very learned reasons, overlooking altogether, (as sages will,) the simple solution of the problem, which I take upon myself the merit of having originated, the supposition that it is burnt off by the excessive heat that we may imagine to exist there. What more natural and reasonable than this presumption? And yet I doubt not that jealous rival philosophers will ridicule the idea. The tail appears gradually again, I confess, as the comet recedes from the source of light and heat; but we can readily conceive that it grows out again, just like our nails or hair under the like circumstances. The Romans were undoubtedly of this opinion, as I judge from their calling the tail of a comet, ‘*comæ*,’ the hair; the comet itself, ‘*stella crinita*,’ long-haired star. Now, adopting this solution as the true one, and applying the same system of reasoning to Sacks

Degenerate, we arrive at the inevitable conclusion that these garments have at some period, more or less remote, *been scorched!*

The mystery is a mystery no longer; we comprehend instantly the cause of the brevity of the Sack Degenerate. Behold now, and marvel, how one branch of universal philosophy illustrates another; how every variety of human knowledge, bears upon every other variety! Behold with admiration, how the greatest and earliest of sciences comes in its direst extremity to the aid of the least and the latest, of which I am the great prophet and supporter!

How could the gentlemen wearers of sacks, have burnt the tails of them? Only by venturing them too near the fire, as the comets have done. Why did they so? To warm their hands. Very well; now be attentive, for I am coming to the very pith of my argument. I am concentrating, like Burke, all my examples and illustrations on one single point, and if you lose the thread one moment now, you are dished, without hope of redemption. To this point I have been tending slowly but surely, as the current of the Niagara river to the falls, ever since the beginning. I have now arrived at the 'jumping-off place;' so, prepare! prepare! prepare! Follow me boldly, firmly! Hold fast to my skirts, like Don Cleofas de Zambullo to those of Asmodeus, lest ye fall, and perish in the confusion!

It is a time-honored and undisputed principle in the consideration of mankind, that it is a very rare circumstance to find *any but a conceited man* approaching the fire with a great-coat or sack degenerate on his back, for the purpose of warming his hands. The very act itself is admitted as proof presumptive, circumstantial evidence, of conceit; a masonic sign, not to be mistaken by the initiated. The vulgar Englishman always does this. The vulgar Englishman is the very personification of conceit. The vulgar Englishman, (as do his imitators,) invariably wears one of these docked garments. Ergo, the garment in question, the Sack Degenerate, is an almost infallible indication of this foible of the mind. 'Quod erat demonstrandum,' as Euclid hath it. Verily, the beginning and the end of all things is the same.

Proud as I am of this lecture, as a model of reasoning, I cannot help sighing to think that it will find many imitators. Why will not the lawyers of the day take example from the lucid and convincing arguments, the concise and elegant logic, displayed in this performance? Wedded to precedents, slaves of technicalities, stubborn in their conceit, they refuse to be taught, and scoff at improvement. Let them go their ways. But oh! what an extraordinary and superior lawyer I should have made!

The only possible plea in my opinion in excuse of this enormity, or rather prodigy; this coat that is not a coat, but a sort of undershirt stretched out and worn in the wrong place; is that of economy! If any can afford to buy no better, let him purchase one of these; but Heaven have mercy on his miserable family, or if he have no family, on his miserable self! He receives my sincere commiseration: I do not wish to insult him by extending the sympathy which may not be desired, but I repeat it again, I pity him. Cold must be the heart of that man who does not!

Have none of the gentlemen wearing the Sack Degenerate ever observed a cat licking and pawing her tail on a summer's afternoon? What is the object of the process? Every fool can understand that she licks it for the purpose of cleaning or washing it, but not every wise man even knows why she paws it. The vulgar and commonly-received opinion is, that she does so with the intention of drying it, of squeezing out the moisture. Very plausible, but not the true solution. Some philosophers have supposed that by the operation she excites a current of electricity, which causes a pleasant sensation, while not a few dull people have declared that she amuses herself in that manner, merely for want of something better to do, and have urged, in support of their opinion, that if a mouse appear, she instantly ceases from her employment. But I affirm, and will maintain against all comers, that her manipulations are to be attributed entirely to her desire of lengthening out her tail and preserving it supple. Now, why may not these unfortunate gentlemen take the hint? It is marvellous that necessity has not before this given them the wit to discover of themselves, that by dint of pulling daily the skirts of their coats, they may induce them to hang down a little lower, or at least break them of a habit they have of sticking straight out behind, as if they were anxious to part company with their owners.

Not to be scandalous, I have seen in the streets some Sacks Degenerate, the tails of which brought forcibly to my mind the remembrance of those figures which almost every one in his time has constructed out of paper, and which, from time immemorial, by a great stretch of imagination, have been universally recognized among children as true, undoubted chickens. Oh! that I possessed the caricaturing pencil of Leonardo da Vinci! Then would I give you an idea of the appearance which words cannot adequately describe.

If cheated by their tailors, these gentlemen all must acknowledge to be the victims of a relentless destiny, and I am satisfied that no well-principled jury would award damages to a tailor, in case of an assault and battery, in consequence of his sending home to a man such a garment. The making of it amounts, to all intents and purposes, to a libel on a gentleman's figure; and it is a principle of law that no man shall profit by his own misdemeanor; so that it might perhaps even be adjudged that no man should be expected to pay for a Sack Degenerate. I hope, however, that such a decision may never be made, lest they become too popular.

If it be really the desire of the wearers of the Sack Degenerate that their vestments should be cut in that peculiar mode, there is nothing more to be said, except that I pronounce their taste to be unnatural, artificial, perverted, monstrous and unhallowed; their course to be calculated to undermine and subvert the foundations of all beauty and gracefulness in dress. That it is *not* a natural taste, may be gathered from the proceedings of the sailor when he arrives in port after a long cruise. His first ambition, (after having a spree,) is to make his appearance in a long-tail coat; his second, to ride in

a hack. That it is not an *elegant* taste, the example of Jim Crow, the most exquisite of all negroes, sufficiently proves. I need scarcely say, that I allude to his choice of a 'long-tail blue.' Furthermore, it is a vulgar taste. Else why do we speak so contemptuously of the 'tag, rag and bob-tail' of the earth, meaning thereby the extreme vulgar, the very off-scouring of humanity? Does not this evince the universal opinion in all time of the vulgarity of short tails?

A few words more, and I have done. Error in all ages hath been anxious to make converts, and persevering in extending itself. These gentlemen may be presumed to be desirous of gaining proselytes to their system. Like the tail-less fox in the fable, they would probably like to see the whole of their race suffering under the same infliction. For myself, I have no hesitation in acknowledging that I have an innate respect for a long, old-fashioned, snuff-colored or blue broadcloth great-coat. I am really persuaded that I would not be afraid to lend money (if it were abundant with me,) to a man that dared to wear such a garment; I am always interested in such a person by an unaccountable sympathy; my heart yearns toward him, as kindred spirit. I have no objection to a man's wearing a linen jacket in summer; but as for these mongrels, these abortions, these detestable Sacks Degenerate, they find no favor in my eyes.

I am not for them, nor they for me. I say, down with them, and down with all conceited men! I call upon you, ye old-fashioned people, to aid me in resisting this new-fangled invention; I call upon you, ye gentlemen, that have good figures, set your faces against this graceless garment; I call upon you, ye gentlemen with bad figures, use your utmost endeavors to put down this coat, which makes you look ten times worse; I call upon you, ye princes and potentates of the fashionable world; let us summon a Congress of Vienna, and preserve the integrity of our tails entire; I call upon ye, all good citizens; let us have a meeting in the park, and protest against and 'take measures' to check the growth and diffusion of foreign principles and foreign influence in our blessed country, through the medium of Sacks Degenerate!

T H E M A N I A C .

A LIVING statue, whence a soul has fled,
A shattered form of the ETERNAL stands
Proud in his agony, though Hope is dead;
Silent and thoughtless, mid Life's high commands,
The cold stern skeleton of Thought is there,
And sickly fancies o'er his features stray
Through lines where burning tears have seared their way:
A living grave, a palace of Despair.
How round his brain unhallowed fancies rave!
The charnel of a thousand glorious thoughts,
Where ghostly fears dance on their blighted grave;
Cold Memory hides them with a thousand blots.
His life, whence all has fled that could not die,
Is like a tearless wo or some dim, sightless eye!

E. W. F.

T H E O L D Y E A R .

On thou great Movement of the Universe,
Or Change, or Flight of Time, for ye are one!
That bearest, silently, this visible scene
Into Night's shadow and the streaming rays
Of starlight, whither art thou bearing me?
I feel the mighty current sweep me on,
Yet know not whither. Man foretells afar
The courses of the stars; the very hour
He knows, when they shall darken or grow bright:
Yet doth the eclipse of sorrow and of death
Come unforewarned.

BRYANT.

I.

ONWARD, still blindly onward urging,
With booming voice sublime,
One fragment more falls, downward surging,
Into the Gulf of Time;
Falls, with a sound of wo and groaning
From its returnless host,
As, with a sad and grievous moaning,
The year gives up the ghost.

II.

All frosted o'er with rime, and hoary,
Time droops his palsied head;
From his thronged realms is heard his story,
The story of the dead:
See how his path is tracked with sadness,
With scenes of poignant grief;
Some fainting in their hour of gladness,
Some in the ripened sheaf.

III.

Over her first-born yearned a mother;
How deep, how rich her joy!
Swift fell the gloom her joys to smother,
Death came and claimed the boy:
One hour her breast was as a fountain
That bore Love's rosy glow,
The next, it heaved beneath a mountain
Of overwhelming wo!

IV.

A dreamer, almost faint with blisses,
Gazed on his plighted love;
Such raptures blended in their kisses
As have their home above:
A night of darkness and of sorrow
Rolled on its sombre tide,
And when he woke to hail the morrow,
The angels had his bride!

V.

I looked ; a youth of noble bearing
Surveyed Life's battle-field ;
Among the foremost, danger daring,
He entered — not to yield :
Into the fray impetuous rushing,
With bold and flashing eye,
Ambition his proud features flushing,
He went to win — or die !

VI.

Love, Hope and Valor in him burning,
Broad, bright and high his aim,
He thought, from victor fields returning,
A loving heart to claim.
One weeper more ! The broken-hearted
Bends o'er a fresh-turned sod,
His soaring spirit has departed
To meet its Maker, God !

VII.

I saw an ancient man and holy,
A Soldier of the Cross,
Who at his Saviour's feet knelt lowly,
And deemed earth's honors dross ;
Whose cheek, although his head was hoary,
Still wore its youthful bloom,
Go, full of years and Christian glory,
Down to the silent tomb.

VIII.

We cannot but lament, with weeping,
Mortality's last claim,
While memory has the deeds in keeping
That sanctify his name.
Oh ! such as he make up the leaven
That gives the world its worth ;
And great the gain to him and Heaven,
That is such loss to Earth !

IX.

Brimful of gloomy thoughts, and saddening,
The Old Year breathes its last ;
The only feeling left that's gladdening,
Is, that its cares are past.
High hopes, wild joys, and earnest dreaming
Along its track are spread,
And even Fancy's fondest scheming
Lies mingled with the dead.

X.

And I, whose heart with hopes was throbbing
One little year ago,
Now in lone desolation sobbing,
Mourn for their overthrow :
The burning thought, whose vivid flashes
Were kindled in my breast,
Expiring now, sinks into ashes,
And leaves me all unblest.

J. HONEYWELL.

ADVENTURES OF A YANKEE-DOODLE.

CHAPTER FIRST.

I GUESS we may as well go right into the midst of matters at once. You see there is no use of defining one's position, like members of congress from the back states and territories, nor of standing stock-still on the threshold of a great man's house, as that poor clown Billops of Shawneetown did, frightened at the shadows of Corinthian columns. Never hold the door ajar, to keep those on the inside or outside in expectancy to catch an ear-ache or get their death a-cold. Whether you go into a man's house, or write a book, or propose a question of marriage to one of the sweetest, sweetest, sweetest daughters of Adam, make yourself perfectly sure you are correct, and then, as the wisdom of the departed Crockett has bequeathed to us, 'Go ahead!' I will simply premise, in the outset, that the writer of this was educated at a Yankee-Doodle College at New-Haven, and consequently ought to be able to prepare these documents; for my friend was without any education, but the jack-knife of Nature had whittled him to so fine a point of intellectual acuteness that polar logic could not have sharpened him, nor all the metaphysics of the schools, from Propaganda College, where Jesuits are educated, down to Green-Hill Seminary, founded by the late Ichabod Crane. I have no wish to be placed in a different category, at least so far as relates to the country of my birth. For in spite of the disguises of education, and the effect which it has to crack off the salient points and angles of a man's character; to smooth his roughness, chisel away his nose, and bring his whole face to a womanly smoothness, it is not at all likely that I shall have the art to conceal the art of the born Yankee; for echo is not more true to the voice which dashes against the Green Mountains than Nature is to reply to her own instincts. If you call Hylas, 'Hylas' is reëchoed. There is something too subtle in character to be disguised by a flimsy veil or covering; for I have known a woman's beauty impress the air, when at a distance you obtain an indistinct perception of her charms.

STUBBS was born in Coos county, Vermont. In what other state of this glorious republic *should* he have been born? Every thing in its right place. I have known religious men and Bacchanalian poets express the same thought. Stars for the firmament of heaven, roses for gardens, horns for bulls, stings for bees, apoplexy for an alderman's stomach, yellow fever for New-Orleans, thieves for melon-fields, vagabonds for Texas, but Yankee-Doodles for Vermont. Elsewhere it is allowed, you may fall in with some lively specimens; as in the whole extent of the Connecticut valley; all around Boston, and the Massachusetts plantations; mixed with Dutch blood or Long-Island or Pennsylvania; at the head of sloop navigation on all rivers; the

undisputed creature ; chips of the same block, whether shining with phosphoric brightness among the glades of California, or amid the greenness of the great western forests. Nay, it is harder than a Chinese puzzle to put your finger on a bit of territory, disputed or undisputed, where the Yankee-Doodle is not. If you go to Land's End, he is there ; to Mount Arrarat, he is there ; to Chimborazo, Himalaya, the Mountains of the Moon, or to the Pyramid of Cheops, he is there ; any where, in fine, where an ark, a dove, a camel, a snake can arrive, by their several faculties ; bartering, and scratching his name on trees, stones, and African slaves.

He knows the whole map of the ancient dominions of Prester John, and every nook and corner of Mozambique, and he is hand-in-glove with all the savages in the world. He has been to Ichaboe until he has scraped it perfectly clean ; and if your English trader has discovered a new bank of Guano, and is getting ready to fire a gun or two and take possession of it in the name of Her Majesty, imagine his concernment to discover a dozen of these fellows twenty feet deep in a Guano cavern, scooping it out with their fingers, and a Bangor schooner bouncing up and down in a little cove like a duck among bulrushes. Now if you walk on the sea-shore at Bildaraxa, you will find that you are not the first there, perhaps to your great sorrow ; as Captain Jix swore violently, when in walking through the streets of Rundown, at the very limits of the dominions of Prince Pompadello in Africa, he heard a sharp whistler going through the tune of 'Yankee-Doodle' with an easy execution and devilish unconcern, which threw him at once into a coast-fever. And just so it was with the poor soul who discovered Bimpaz, and was just uncorking a bottle of Madeira in commemoration of the event, when he saw a Yankee on a hill-side administering the cold water pledge to three natives. What I merely meant to assert was, that in Vermont is found the quintessence or strongest extract of a quality which exists elsewhere, so to speak, in homœopathic solutions, and differs from the mere essence in its great strength and spiteful rancor. It operates with a deadly quickness, as a single drop of the oil of tobacco, spilled upon the tongue of a stout tom-cat, causes him to fall dead immediately, all his 'nine lives' snuffed out like the wick of one candle.

STUBBS was born in Coos county, Vermont. But remember, I tell you, it was not in the district of Lazy Lane. For where the mountain comes shelving away to this section, there is the most anomalous region. It is dismally flat and swampy ; nothing but bogs, brambles and cranberry-bushes, where a muskrat, in many places, would not get through without being squeezed painfully. Fogs, vapors and bad exhalations, together with a rank and succulent foliage, shroud it from the cheerfulness of day-light, and keep it in an habitual eclipse. Wherever a little bog is redeemed by a natural drainage, a soaked and decaying hovel is squatted down upon the brink. Green and moss-covered shingles stick together in one compact mass of decay, from which you could pull out the rusty nails like so many old teeth which cannot stick in the socket of the gums ;

fences straggling and imperfect in their definition of the boundary, broken down if a strong cock crows with tolerable cheerfulness upon the rails ; a few emblems of life, and of indifferent husbandry, mark the abode of human beings, and keep the eye of curiosity on the stretch for a keener insight into the domestic sanctuary. A few dogs, of sluggish habits, cats and rats of no activity, are crawling about in a Philadelphian society, sticking their doubtful noses into the greasy and unwashed dishes. Without the pasture grounds and poor enclosures, there is a wagon-way knee deep with mud and full of ruts, intersected by a few narrow paths conducting to every part of the settlement. Yet they never bring you by a sudden surprise upon any pastoral scene, or landscape of quiet beauty. Quagmires of greedy capacity swallow up whatever is cast upon their deceptive ground. The mail-rider, who thought to make a short cut through this unknown country to the lively little village of Jigtown, near the Coos cataract, sank down apparently through the solid ground with his horse and saddle-bags, shrieking for help with a stentorian voice ; and the tallest pole which could be cut was unable to touch him, so that an ornament to society was drowned in mud, but the saddle-bags were saved. Mr. Buldox, the minister, came also within an ace of his existence. Sink or swim, there is little hope for one caught in these dangerous places, and the victim stands as much chance as a fly caught in gum-arabic, with his legs, wings and proboscis confounded in the plaster, and his breath shut off.

Beside all these, the whole section of country is full of ponds up to a dog's knees in depth, covered all over with a green slime, which is tough wading for cows, and where they often get their tails stuck. And these ponds are connected by streams or ditches of languid water, which crawl with the movement of a sick snake, or move onward by capillary attraction. Over these, by day and night, mosquitoes, divided into separate cliques and companies, which revolve around each other, sing with an unusual chorus, aided by gallinippers, whose powers of suction are unequalled. But the liveliest features is a little mill-pond ; and this too is covered all over with pond-lilies and rank grasses, excepting where the mill-wheel shatters the waters into a lively effervescence, and transforms them below into a limpid and delicious pool. Yet thence again they go sifting themselves through matted roots and bogs, and vegetable matters, and are entirely absorbed in mud. The white miller juts silently out of a little window, overlooking the scene, and his soul goes at the rate of a few additional beats at this solitary instance of the picturesque. For in all other directions the unlovely marsh continues, the abode of big bull-frogs, who have got their big cheeks and stomachs swelled out with an immense quantity of wind, putting you in mind of *Bucolics* ; for as I speak the truth, their sepulchral voice is comparable with nothing but the united bellowing of three ordinary bulls. They lie just below the surface, as green as grass, with their green monstrous eyes rolled aloft, eminently lazy, with the exception of an occasional galvanic twitching, and the aforesaid bellowing, which costs them no labor, for they do not seem to exercise the muscles of their throats.

There is something wrong, I guess, in the construction of organs, else such bellows would not be needful to breed wind for those stupendous cavities, when a comparatively small bull-frog can puff out his two cheeks, and make the surrounding scenery re-bellow with a louder music. When a number of these bull-frogs, say ten of medium capacity, make a concerted movement, the awful solitudes of Lazy Lane become vociferous as the hill-sides of a pastoral region. Marsh answers back to marsh; and when a moment's silence gives token that the chant is done, a fresh croaker renews the noise, resting his bloated cheeks on a lily: 'Ke-bloong, ke-bloong, ke-bloong! Bloonk! bloonk! bloonk! bloonk! — BE-LOONK! Moo! moo! moo! moo! Urrgh! urrgh! urrgh! Vanderdonk! Vanderdonk! Vanderdonk! (*sotto voce*) Splash! No-you-don't! No-you-don't! No-you-don't! Augh! augh! augh! Loo — loo! loo! — loo! Hong-kong! Hong-kong! Ai! ai! ai! ai! ai! ai! ai; Bmoom! — oom — oom! O! — O! — O! Cologne! Cologne! Cologne! Cologne! Luck! luck! luck! luck! luck! luck! *A la distance*, Good Luck! Then the little fellows take it up in earnest from places which are covered over with a little moisture. 'We! we! we! — wee! P'-wee! p'-wee! p'-wee! p'-wee! Charley Tucker! pretty boy! pretty boy! go-a-fishing-on-Sunday? Charley Tucker!' Big ones again: 'Bow-wop! bow-wop! bow-wop! bow-wop! Boong-m!'

It might be profitable to recount the variety of these voices, from the tree-frog, which is like the locust, except that the latter is a *crescendo*, in music, feebly beginning and winding up to an extravagant pitch of postulation; but the other is a continued monotone and articulation of the letter *r*, as if he were wrapping it around his tongue; this always when the clouds are coming, or the first rain-drops have commenced to fall. Then we have the small, diminutive piper, who lives in shoal water, and very likely was a tad-pole, until accident or the workings of nature tore off his tail, and changed the style of his locomotion. His voice is like the sound of those strings of small sleigh-bells which are girded around the bellies of horses; but this is reversing the comparison. Yet what struck me most, was the extraordinary compass and variety of the big bull-frogs, whose voices came out of their throats as from the depths of a sepulchre. With the exception of the foregoing, nothing breaks upon the awful stillness; nothing, unless it be the slippery form of the black snake, the tedious baying of watch-dogs and mean curs, and the hum of the mosquito; but at night the screech-owls muster in great numbers on the tree-branches, and spread over the whole region a presentiment of death.

And with respect to the natives of this peculiar country, (its limits are very small,) it could not be expected in the nature of things that they should possess the characteristics of the remaining Vermont. It would not be treating them unjustly to say that there was no life in them. They were a green-eyed, sickly, cadaverous set of individuals, who did not even know 'what's what:' sleeping at home like their own cats, who delighted in stoves and ashes. To them the distinction between blue and white was immaterial; they did not

see any difference betwixt the taste of an apple and a potato; inquired little into the nature of things, and took the existence of a God for granted. No debates are ever heard among them; they raise no questions, and say 'yaw, yaw' to every form of interrogation. Too lazy in the choice of wives to go beyond the mephitic marshes, they pick out the first woman who is not their sister, giving their first cousins the preference. The consequence is the same as when you keep planting the same melons in the same patch. In course of time they fell away from their first excellence, and lose the good qualities of high-souled, able-bodied men. They all had some preposterous mark about them, and they all moved and acted after an outlandish fashion. They all of them spoke through their noses, or as one talks through a conch-shell; or else they grinned, or looked snakish about the mouth and teeth; or squinted with an unusual sort of squint out of one or both eyes; or had their mouths drawn all askew; or looked perpetually scared, as if sixpence were taken from them under unjust pretences. In short, the grimaces and fandangoes which they cut in divers ways were most fantastic. Some hiccupped and yawned at every word; others whistled all the aspirates through a hole in their teeth; and not one of them who did not belch continually. One inhabitant laughed with an insane giggle, whether owing to a peculiar cut of his jaw-bone, or to an involuntary twitching of the muscle, or to down-right idiocy, is doubtful. It made no difference whether he told any thing which called on his hearers to be merry, or that his wife had gone to her long home, or that he was suffering from ailments of the body; nay, even if he shed big tears of affliction, they gushed out amid the disorder of his giggling, and were splendent with the light of his idiotic smiles. They had more queer ways than would be believed should I write them down in a book; and beside, their whole speech was of the rudest structure ever set down in any known dialect of boors. Take them all in all, body and soul, there is no race like them, not the Anthropophagi. I have read wonders recorded by that old traveller, Sir John Maundeville, and can safely challenge all nature to produce their ditto.

As the men were wanting in martial quality, the women were most unlvely, patterns, petite skeletons, shrivelled flesh, and ill-compacted bones. Scarcely the remotest spot in America is not blest with some charms of womanhood, some graces sweetly, wildly blooming; fanned never by the passionate breath of admiration, yet worthy of the loveliest gardens in the world. Had nature placed them in a different sphere, the wild eyes of lovers would suppliantly relate to them how dearly they were loved! Yet here was not one paragon. Their figures were like broom-sticks dressed in grave-clothes. Wherever there should have been a bosom, or any prominence, it was as if a hatchet had chipped it away to an unbecoming flatness. Their forms were ghostly, their faces ghostly, their hair grizzly. To love them was a disease, for they were like the men, wo-begone and degenerate. When a young man wished to espouse one of them, he would take her to walk with him upon the swamp

margin, and if any flowers were in the way, he trampled them under his hoofs, and never gave her so much as a pond-lily. But it is very likely he would be eating an onion or a wild carrot, when suddenly he would give her such a smack upon the lips that the turtles would drop from the logs like so many dead weights, and sink to the bottom. Some how or other he managed to divulge the matrimonial plot, while she would hearken with a pleased air, and look into his grassy eyes with somewhat of the satisfaction of true love. On the morrow they were married. In the course of time the feeble wail of their infants was heard like mice in a granary. None of your robust babies, that fling their arms about, and spring up and down on the nurse's palm, catching their breath with extacy. They rolled their leaden eyes in the direction of pap, and sucked with no courage. Cutting teeth put a great many of them into their little graves, where Nature would yet vindicate herself, for the parents would go and sob, as if the affliction were too cruel, and they would put up a small red sand-stone scratched upon with the baby's name. It is a fact that many families were large, and the breed did not show any disposition to run out. This indicates to us the curse of being the first originator of any evil, physical or moral. The thistle and noxious weed will propagate themselves for ever, and the very thoughts we think beget the eternal children of their folly.

It was lamentable to see a whole community so far gone in remissness, for there was not a man among them of intellectual brightness; and the head of their principal justice was a conic head, betwixt the circumference of a cocoa-nut and the bulb of a cucumber. The fact is, that disease also had much to do in producing such a condition of things. Fever-and-ague riots among the ditches and green ponds, and the inhabitants are never without it any more than they are without tobacco. It is as periodical in all its goings as the sun, visiting some every other day, others weekly, and when it does come, shakes them with such a convulsive heartiness as a setter dog shakes a well-conditioned rat, who not expecting it, dies squealing like a young pig, with a brief, spit-fire resistance. You will often go into a house and find several generations shaking simultaneously. The grand-father wagging his little bald head in the midst of the fit, the mother of the family with a pale blotch in each cheek, the grown-up boys sitting around the room on stools, cold as ice-bergs, cracking the floor with their heels with the rapidity of a Crow-dancer, and the young children chattering away as if a dozen pistols were getting ready, and making the whole cottage resound with the clicking of their teeth. Indeed, the activity of their lives consists in this. Were it not for this, they would sleep the whole time, and never get any grasses cut, nor corn planted, nor fodder gathered into barns; for their very psalm-tunes languish, unless the chorister is a-shaking, and the minister of the parish cannot preach without it, nor picture to his pale green-faced congregation the pangs of hell and the terrors of the damned. If ever you hear a winnowing-machine, or the sound of flails, or the heave-ho! of a house-raising, rest assured the workmen have got the fever-

and-ague; and I guess that makes the bull-frogs so spry, for they look too dropsical and bloated to indulge in gymnastic exercises.

Human life is little shortened. A dozen old people are often found, in a sort of sickly decrepitude, squatted down on the brink of a ditch, whose united ages would make up nine hundred and sixty years, and most of them have had four paralytic strokes without killing them, and have had their hand shaking like an aspen-leaf over the pit of their stomach for years. Funerals at this settlement are very triste and lugubrious; the dead burying the dead, the women drowned in tears, and the bell tolling with a faint ding-dong, as if the sexton would never toll it again. They carry the dead man to the misty grave-yard, dig a hole in the moist earth, throw a few bogs over him, and leave him to a repose scarcely more dead and unbroken than that of his mortal career. Here rests upon the lap of earth the head of the first enervate forefather who settled down in this region of stagnant waters, and in this dank and dismal hollow, where epitaph is dumb, and poetry brings no flowers to sanctify the tomb, will be gathered in God's own good time the living-dead men who now compose the population of LAZY LANE.

A man of strong energy would take almost a single step from the aforesaid ridiculous elements to the sublimer sceneries of Vermont. There a new life unfolds its vitality at every step; a new character is fitted like a garment upon men and beast; the very pores of plants suck in the air as it were with a freer lung; while the sun itself, which cannot get through the dripping fogs of Lazy Lane, nor dry up those dismal ditches, nor stop the throats of the blood-an'oons, and left-handed prediction of owls, the sun comes resting like a crown on the loftiest mountain-tops, and fills the beautiful vallies full of beams. Here is but a repetition of beauty in a thousand hills and corresponding vales. I mean of general Beauty, for its forms are varied beyond all description; at sun rise, at noon-day, at midnight; in summer, in autumn, in freezing winter; as much as a noble countenance is varied by the sentiments of a noble soul. You have seen one landscape thus changing in the lights and shadows, suddenly touched and retouched by a magical pencil, covered entirely with gloom, to be tinged again in all its edges with excessive light, developed with the insensible swiftness of clouds which roll in brightness, turning the spectator into the poet, and begetting thoughts which I am vainly trying to express.

Imagine a great many landscapes, each whole and perfect in its own variety, comprehended from the loftiest summit in a grand unity, as the eye of a great soul is able, from its elevation, to bind together many sovereign elements into one vast *SUBLIME*. You see a great many rivers pouring down from one channel to another, to mingle themselves with *THE RIVER*, and a great many lakes, each the mirror of its own beautiful shores; water-falls gushing over the brim of one basin to replenish another; streams which are but a silver thread as well as a voluptuous volume; village terraces which have the look of landscape-gardening, with their pierce-

ing spires and small temples of God, far-spreading slopes grazed upon by innumerable fat herds; great fields, where the golden wheat waveth like a wave of the sea, gold and silver and deep green commixt as in the figures of a great kaleidoscope; while in the far distance, mountain swells beyond mountain, in an interminable chain, covered in all their outline by the beautiful blue sky! A cool bath and Cologne-water are not more refreshing than to rise out of such a dog-hole as Lazy Lane to this commanding country, in which are the quintessence of subtile character and stronghold of Yankee-Doodledom. But I guess I'll wait till my next chapter, before I give you a picture of the true Green Mountain boys.

S T A N Z A S : C O R N E L I A .

'OH! who on earth would love to live,
Unless he lived to love!' — W. G. CLARK.

THE memory's treasured current
O'er many a jewel whirls,
As rolls the salt sea billow
For ever over pearls.

And well do I love to ponder
On the unreturning hours,
As blind men love the perfume,
Though they see no more the flowers.

Come, friend of my heart! and listen,
While I speak the name of *her*
Whose name is more dear than the relic
On the breast of the worshipper.

We carve on the humblest pebble
Some fancy, all our own;
And a gem by that impression
We make the ocean-stone.

Our memory thus grows priceless,
Even as the light of day,
When it takes some holy image
That life cannot wear away.

And when, in my restless roving,
My feet were long delayed,
The child could be more censured
That in flowery vales had strayed.

For she, the beauteous stranger
Who has stayed my steps so long,
Is more than a spotless lily,
Or a bird of winning song.

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Her heart is a fount of kindness,
And love has its being there;
Love for a sister angel,
And a praying mother's care.

Words turned in her mouth to music,
Like winds in the harps of old,
And fell as sweet as the dew-drops
That the rose's lips enfold.

Like oil on the troubled waters
Were they to my heart oppressed,
And it sank from its yearning pinions
As a bird sinks down to rest.

The streams of fountain-poets
Were our thirsting spirits' wine,
And our life was like a volume
Of some ancient bard divine.

And to her my fevered spirit
Wings back on every sigh,
As doves return to their windows,
Or as incense seeks the sky.

The name of this lovely maiden
That Roman mother wore,
Who displayed her sons, as the only
Choice jewels in her store.

And the wife of conquering CÆSAR
That spotless name once held,
Which now, like a bow of promise,
Shines out from the mists of Eld.

8

PETER FUNK'S REVENGE.

BY HARRY FRANCO.

WALKING down Broadway a few mornings since, I discovered a man stationed opposite a store which had a small red flag hanging at the door, with a large muslin banner, impended from a tall staff, which he held, on which was inscribed this strange device : 'BEWARE OF MOCK AUCTIONS!' Upon inquiry, I learned that this was intended as a caution to Peter Funk, and a warning to strangers not to part with their money without getting its full value in return. Upon farther inquiry, I learned that this ingenious and benevolent enterprise had been suggested by His Honor the Mayor, who in many other ways has entitled himself to the gratitude of our citizens.

I had often heard of Peter Funk, but had never seen the gentleman, and having a curiosity that way, determined to make the acquaintance of so noted a person. I accordingly entered the store, and saw a person dressed in very good style, with a satin scarf and gold chain, standing behind a counter, with a small hammer in his hand. He was a young man, with an air of the most entire self-satisfaction, and nothing seemed to give him any uneasiness excepting the 'Beware!' on the side-walk, which not only kept bidders from entering the store, but caused a crowd of gaping idlers and ragged news-boys to collect around his door. He had watches, chains and other trinkets, which he seemed anxious to sell to the highest bidder, but nobody would bid.

In one of the pauses of his continuous and commingled exhortations to the crowd 'to walk in and secure a great bargain,' I asked him if he was a regularly-licensed auctioneer, and was told that he was, and that furthermore, he had always conducted his business in the most honorable manner, and could produce first-rate recommendations from his last employer. This might be true or it might not, but Mr. Funk impressed me with the idea that he was an ill-used gentleman. If Mr. Funk enjoyed any immunities to commit crime, like Mr. Nobody, and other personages who are often spoken of but never seen, it would be very just in our civic Aristides to warn the public against his malpractices. But Mr. Funk assured me that he was amenable to the laws, like any other merchant, and that he would n't grumble at paying the penalty of any crime of which he might be convicted; and he thought it a little peculiar, to say the least of it, that he should be selected out from among the fraternity of tradesmen, to be victimized. 'However,' said Mr. Funk, thrusting his hammer into his coat-pocket, 'walk into my back office, Mister, and if I don't make your hair stand on end I'm a demijohn, and *no* mistake!'

This was making rather free with a stranger; but there was some-

thing in the gentleman's manner which interested me, and I followed him, through a small door in the partition, into his den, which was ornamented by an engraving of a lady in a satin gown, that, viewed at a certain distance, looked like a white horse rearing on his hind legs. There were two or three choice works of art beside, including a French snuff-box with a highly objectionable picture in the inside of the cover, indicative of Mr. Funk's taste in such matters. Having lighted a cigar and offered me one, which he assured me was a 'splendid regalia, and *no* mistake,' he seated himself in his arm-chair and unfolded the following stupendous plan for revenging his own wrongs, and at the same time doing a good turn to his fellow citizens.

'My legal adviser,' said Mr. Funk, 'tells me I can recover immense damages from the mayor, for injury to my business, by his bewaring strangers from my store; but,' continued Mr. Funk, as he knocked the ashes from the end of his cigar with his jewelled little finger, in a manner which Prince Albert might be proud of, 'I have thought of a plan which knocks that into all sorts of cocked hats. But wait a bit; there's a countryman.'

The countryman only put one foot into the store and immediately withdrew it; so Mr. Funk at once resumed his seat and his cigar, and went on:

'Here's my programmy,' said Mr. Funk; 'I am getting up some 'Bewares' myself, and a most immense sensation I'll produce with them, I assure you. First, I will have a large banner carried by a Kentucky giant opposite the City Hall, with this inscription in bloody red letters: 'BEWARE OF LAWYERS!'

'Opposite Trinity church, at the head of Wall-street, I will station another, to be carried by a lame individual, with this inscription in gilt letters: 'BEWARE OF FANCY STOCKS!' At the corner of Park-Place and Broadway I'll have a flashy gentleman carrying a black-and-white banner with this motto: 'BEWARE OF BLACKLEGS!' Then I'll have a flying regiment of boys with pink silk flags bearing this inscription: 'LADIES, BEWARE OF FRENCH MILLINERY AND FANCY GOODS!' and these shall run up and down Broadway every day between twelve and two, and whenever they see a carriage full of ladies, they shall keep flapping the flags in their faces.

'Another banner shall be stationed opposite the hotels and coffee-houses, with this inscription in blue capitals: 'BEWARE OF COCK-TAILS AND BRANDY SMASHERS!'

'Opposite the publishers' shops I will have a young woman in a night-cap, holding a banner with these words in gamboge: 'TO READERS: BEWARE OF TRASH!'

I confessed to Mr. Funk that I was struck with the novelty of his plan, and hoped he would not lay himself open to a prosecution for libel; and I cautioned him to be very careful not to insinuate any thing against our 'free institutions.'

'Perhaps you mean the House of Detention?' said Mr. Funk, inquiringly. I then explained to him what I did mean, and to my great surprise found that his mind had been so much affected by the

well-meant expedient of the civic authorities for driving customers away from his store, that he could not comprehend my meaning at all; and instead of expressing any reverence for our institutions, he pronounced an opinion which I should be very sorry to repeat, even at second hand. Mr. Funk then told me that he had given an order for no less than five hundred standards, to be emblazoned with these remarkable words, 'BEWARE OF HUMBUGS!' But my respect for authority and learning will not admit of my naming the places where these banners were to be displayed. The invention of Mr. Funk could only be equalled by his malignity. What could have been conceived more maliciously inappropriate, than to station a pumpkin-headed effigy, in a black coat, bearing one of these standards painted in harlequin letters, before the residence of Professor——? Or to put a man of straw, with a similar standard painted in green capitals, before the office of Dr.——?

'It was at least prudent in you, Mr. Funk,' I said, 'not to station any of your 'bewares' before the doors of our city presses: the gentlemen who conduct them, you are aware, cannot be abused with impunity.'

'Poh! poh!' replied this unprincipled person; 'see here.' And so saying, he unrolled a paper which lay before him, upon which was emblazoned in miniature a dozen or two of banners, to be paraded before the doors of some of our most highly-esteemed friends. My blood curdled at the sight, or at least it would have done so, if any thing could have caused such a phenomenon. Here was a banner for the 'Virtuous Vigil,' inscribed with these words: 'BEWARE OF VENALITY!' The 'Morning Glory' was honored with this wholly unmeaning *affiche*, 'BEWARE OF BLUSTERERS!' while the 'Evening Vesper' was destined to be signalized with this detestable insinuation: 'BEWARE OF SOFT CRABS!' than which nothing could be more vile, its conductors being universally known as two of the *hardest* customers about town. The 'Weekly Wonder' had this entirely unmeaning standard assigned to it, which was to be borne by a gentleman in a clean shirt, with an inflated bladder in one pocket and an empty bottle in the other, the letters in deep blue: 'BEWARE OF FALSE WITNESSES!'

This was too bad. I could listen to Mr. Funk no longer, without losing my self-respect. I therefore rose and spoke to him as mildly as my feelings would allow, as follows:

'I perceive, Sir, that you richly merit the character which you bear in this community. I did believe that you were an injured individual, but the mayor knew you better than I did, when he sent a cohort of paupers into Broadway, with banners to 'beware' simple-minded people from your door. It will be a lesson to me in future to mistrust my own judgment when it comes in conflict with the decisions of those having authority. Let me say to you, beware! Beware how you cast suspicion against respectable citizens who are engaged in advancing their own interests; seek some honest employment, and when the authorities endeavor to undermine your business and drive customers from your shop, remember that they do it for the public

good, and do not seek revenge by depriving honest men of their means of growing rich.'

Contrary to my expectation, this speech, instead of an apology only drew a laugh from Mr. Funk, who lighted another cigar, and exclaimed:

'Go it while your young!'

'I have no disposition to be too harsh toward you,' I said, 'and therefore I will commend you for not uttering a 'beware' derogatory to the clergy, who are generally made a butt of by men like yourself.'

'Wait a bit,' said Mr. Funk, leaping from his chair. 'I suppose there can be no harm in quoting Scripture?'

'Of course not,' I said.

'Well, then, what do you think of this, for the Gothic churches?' and he unrolled a large black banner, inscribed with white letters:

'BEWARE OF WOLVES IN SHEEP'S CLOTHING!'

OUR LAST RESTING-PLACE.

'WHY dread to lay down this frail body in its resting-place, and this weary, aching head on the pillow of its repose? Why tremble at this, that in the long sleep of the tomb the body shall suffer disease no more, and pain no more, and hear no more the cries of want nor the groans of distress; and far retired from the turmoil of life, that violence and change shall pass lightly over it, and the elements shall beat and the storm shall howl unheard around its lowly bed?' DEWAY.

I.

TELL me not the grave is dreary,
Sad and cold the earth's green breast;
Gladly would my spirit weary
In its quiet portals rest.

II.

Softly falls the golden sunlight
Where repose the sleeping dead,
And the stars at deepest midnight
Watch unceasing o'er their bed.

III.

Though the cold wind o'er them sweepeth,
With a sad unearthly moan,
Yet it chills not him who sleepeth—
Nought but peace to him is known.

IV.

Nor the voice more sad and chilling,
Earthly friendship's colder tone;
Reacheth to that silent dwelling
Not one sigh, nor tear, nor groan.

V.

And if death had aught terrific,
Conquered is the dreaded stroke;
Oh! what deep joys beatific
On the spirit's sense hath broke!

VI.

Standing by the side of Jesus,
With his own, his ransomed flock,
'Neath God's eye, which ever sees us,
As through Paradise we walk.

VII.

Holding holy, sweet communion
With some spirit like our own,
While our songs in blessed union
Float around the FATHER's throne.

VIII.

Tell me not the grave is dreary,
Cold and sad the earth's green breast;
Gladly would my spirit weary
Rise and seek its perfect rest.

THE ST. LEGER PAPERS.

NUMBER EIGHT.

I HEARD frequently from England during my stay in the Highlands, and each succeeding letter was read with increased pleasure. I had begun to value the privileges and the enjoyments of home, in consequence of my temporary absence from them. Every thing about Bertold Castle was regarded with increased interest, and the slightest incident was charged with unusual importance. From my brother I had not heard directly, but the accounts received of him, through my mother, awoke in my heart something like a spirit of emulation. I felt that I was myself little else than an idle dreamer; but what could a youth of sixteen do? This question I asked to myself over and over again. Too young for action, certainly, and for that matter, not sufficiently educated for practical effort, yet the preparation seemed but drivelling work. 'Preparation for what?' I would ask myself; and then *Destiny*, with her pale face, seemed to whisper: '*Thy labor shall come to nought!*'

Beside, I could not bear to think of entering upon any of the customary pursuits of the world. Political life had no charms for me, for I dreaded to bring its unhallowed intrigues into collision with my moral sense. The law, as a profession, I abhorred, because I perceived that while it sharpened men's minds to a wonderful acuteness, it narrowed their intellects, after a peculiar manner, until no universality remained. I was too conscientious to quarter myself on the church, while I dared lay no claim to genuine piety; and moreover, I did not believe my character adapted to such a profession. A military life I detested more than all. Yet I was a younger son; and although my fortune, in right of my mother, would ultimately be ample, and while I knew my father to be just toward his children, still I must resolve on some course. I always struggled against the doctrine of fatality. Very early in life I took for my motto:

'*Sed mihi res, non me rebus submittere conor.*'

Yet I felt that without some direct purpose in view, circumstances would *control* me instead of being controlled *by* me. And again I pondered over the business of humanity, inquiring what man was made for? Was it for political intrigue and chicanery? — for intricate, acute but belittling special pleading? — for dishonest speculation from the church? — for war and bloodshed? For none of these, assuredly! Then was he made for seclusion; to sit and think and wonder and be still, or to labor and delve and toil like beasts of burthen? And if either, the *cui bono*? One generation succeeds another, each teaching its successor the tricks and the devices current in the world, while every thing seemed managed badly enough.

Such were my reveries, as I anxiously stole away from observation, and seated myself in my chamber, in view of the lofty peaks which frowned down upon the earth. I suppose the scenery which surrounded Glencoe to have had a peculiar effect upon my mind. The solemn, awe-inspiring presence of the old hills, so still, so awful in their repose, must have had no small influence upon my sensitive spirit. Yet while I felt a determined repugnance to enter upon any course which did not commend itself to my conscience, I was fast coming to the conclusion that there was no work for man upon earth suited to his true desires and his true capacities. Desiring to pursue a right course, I was insensibly losing all native benevolence of feeling, and giving way to a morbid spirit of fault-finding with the affairs of the world. This made me intellectually selfish, and cut me off from a happy communion with my fellows.

I am now chronicling my feelings as they were when I was about to leave Glencoe. I beg the reader to bear with me patiently as I put down these apparently unimportant changes in my inner life. I trust that before I close I shall be able to furnish an instructive lesson. And let me now say to those who may have followed me thus far, in hopes that my dry detail might lead ultimately into the flowery land of romantic fiction, that they are sure to be disappointed; and unless they can find matter of interest in this very detail, having in view my ultimate object, we had better part company here, instead of voyaging on together, with the certain prospect of disappointment in the end.

I had concluded my visit, and was busy packing my portmanteau for my return to England. Having emptied its contents, I was proceeding to assort them, when my eye lighted upon a small package, which till now had been overlooked. I took it up. It was the parcel handed me by Aunt Alice when I left Bertold Castle, and which had entirely escaped my recollection. Upon the outside my name was written as follows:

‘WILLIAM HENRY,

Youngest Son y^e St. Leger.’

I opened the package: I came to envelope after envelope, but discovered nothing save blank paper. At length I found an enclosure, which read:

‘My Child, deliver these as directed.’

I rapidly unrolled the parcel, till a small but massive ring of gold, curiously wrought, dropped out; and I found that the cover which enclosed it was directed:

‘TO THE WEDALLAH OF ST. KILDA,

‘THESE!’

This was the last enclosure, and was unsealed. I took the liberty of seeing its contents, for the exterior certainly gave no clue by which I could discover the object of the writer, or the destination of

the parcel with which I was intrusted. So I opened the last enclosure and read these words:

'To the dweller upon the OCEAN ROCK
Where the storm-sprite rages but harms he not
The Wœdallah!

'His heart is lone, his mind is free,
Patient, he sits and waits his destiny;
The Wœdallah!

On the other side I read:

'THIS too is a ST. LEGER: receive him,
But poison not his soul, for it may not be.'

I stood contemplating these singular and apparently incoherent sentences in utter astonishment. Although I was ready to expect from Aunt Alice something uncommon and strange, I could not fathom this to me inexplicable jargon. 'Aunt Alice is certainly crazed!' I exclaimed; 'and yet there is something in these lines which puts my brain upon the whirl. St. Kilda—St. Kilda! The Hebrides! the Hebrides! I have it! Have I been nearly three months in their very neighborhood, and never given them a thought? England sees not me till I have seen those storm-isles of the ocean!'

Without farther reflection, I ran down to the court-yard where I had left Hubert shortly before, half angry because, as he said, I insisted on leaving them so soon. 'Ho! Hubert,' I shouted, 'what say you to the grand tour of the Hebrides! I have made up my mind. I set off to-morrow morning. Go with me you must, and we shall want old Christie for helmsman.'

Hubert looked at me for an instant, as if he was not quite positive whether I was jesting or beside myself. He soon discovered that it was neither, and believing that a sudden and youthful enthusiasm possessed me for a wild and romantic excursion, he whirled himself round three times, clapped his hands, struck me heartily on my shoulder, and when he could find breath, exclaimed: 'Glorious! glorious! We are off on the instant! Grand idea! capital thought! How did it get into your head? We will get ready at once. But my father?' said Hubert, stopping short; 'I fear he will not consent to it.'

'I will answer that he will,' said I; 'pray go and ask him directly.'

After some ten minutes, he returned with a joyful countenance, saying that the Earl, so far from making any objections to our proposed excursion, expressed his approbation of it, as evincing a love of hardy adventure which he did not like to see altogether laid aside, in the happy change of the times from disturbed to peaceful. The freedom of Scotland had often depended, the Earl said, upon her wild mountain fastnesses and the rude islands which formed a part of her territory. In his day, the youth boasted of their skill in navigating the perilous channels between these islands: he had himself twice narrowly escaped with his life, in passing the dangerous strait of Corryviekan; 'and doubtless thought it very proper,' added Hubert, 'that his younger son should be exposed to a similar ordeal. But,' continued he, 'I am no novice at channel-

sailing, to say nothing of my dexterity in a whirlpool; for what with frequent passages between Mull and Skye, with an occasional visit to Coll and Muck island, together with a pretty intimate acquaintance with the storms that are always howling about Islay and Jura, I count myself, (Christie being present to aid and abet,) something more than a mere fresh-water sailor.

What a bustle did we create during the day in our preparations! Old Christie was summoned to a confidential conference. I believe I have already spoken of this veteran. In age he was nearly fifty, though his hardy frame, his alert step, and the quick glance of his eye, told of one in the very prime of physical existence. His beard was however somewhat grizzled, the only revenge Time seemed to have taken upon him. In person he was tall, very bony and muscular, with not an ounce of superfluous flesh to encumber him. He was a sort of Major Domo at the castle, in consequence of his long experience, well-tryed fidelity, and great good nature. He was born at Glencoe, and was, if I mistake not, foster-brother of the Earl. He had always been near his person, had accompanied him abroad, and served him often in cases of extremity. As the young men grew up, Christie seemed to renew his youth, and entered into all their sports with as genuine a zest as if he was of their own age; they, by the way, always deferring to him, in matters of practical expediency. In this way Christie would often make excursions with them to the neighboring islands to hunt, fish or explore, 'it being very necessary,' as he would remark, 'that the education of the puir lads suld na be quite neglectit; for wha could tell what might na just happen ony time yet?' The Earl, it would seem, as before intimated, tacitly approved of Christie's reasoning: he certainly made no objection to it; so that the young men were soon initiated into all the hardy exercises of their race.

The summons for Christie was shortly followed by the appearance of the old fellow himself, who had no sooner entered the room than he was seized by Hubert, who, after ineffectually endeavoring to give him a whirl round, (a familiarity exercised toward no other servant,) shouted merrily: 'Rouse yourself, my old lad! Did you know that you are getting so rusty that the Earl has ordered you banished from Glencoe, and I am commissioned to see the order put into execution? You have till day-break to-morrow morning to make ready. So lose no time; off we must go, for I am to be along, for fear you will be stealing back again before your time is up!'

During this edifying discourse, the old man stood regarding the youth very much as an old, sagacious and well trained mastiff watches the pranks of a favorite young dog who is cutting his gambols around him, and although well pleased with his capers, is hardly willing that his own dignity should be entrenched upon by them. When Hubert therefore paused for breath, Christie very coolly turned up his gray eyes, exclaiming:

'What's in the wind noo?' 'Pshaw, Christie! do n't affect so much indifference, when you know you are crazy for a scamper of some kind;' and thereupon Hubert proceeded to give the detail of

the proposed excursion, which comprised a visit to some of the adjacent islands, and afterward a bold stretch out as far as St. Kilda, the most remote of the Hebrides. 'And now, Christie, you know all about it; keep our plans secret. We have the Earl's permission, remember; we shall leave every thing to you. We can expect nothing fit to eat after leaving Skye, so see that you lay in a good stock of small stores, and—and——'

'But master Hubert,' interrupted Christie, 'I dinna ken an' I can be spared just noo at the castle, and ye ken weel I am getting just too auld for the like o' this. I wad na mind to ferry ye over to Skye, but when ye talk about St. Kilda, it is quite anither thing, ye suld mind; for I wad na care to catch a blast of the hurricane outside of Lewis.'

Christie's countenance during this harangue would have been a model for a painter. From the first, I perceived that he was only practising upon Hubert in return for his speech; and to see the old fellow's endeavor to assume an expression which was so unnatural, was ludicrous enough. Hubert, on the contrary, at first mistook his meaning, and was about to express his impatience and astonishment at such an extraordinary disclosure, when a humorous twinkle of Christie's eye explained matters in an instant, and Hubert was himself again. 'Ah! Christie,' said he, 'you are the true metal, after all. But——' Christie here cut off all farther superfluous discourse by insisting that we should proceed to business. First, a plan must be drawn up, to be followed explicitly; then a consultation about the craft we should go in, and again who to select for the crew. The first was soon settled; about the second there was more difficulty. Donald Mac Cae's fishing smack (belonging to the Earl) was not quite the thing, in Christie's opinion; 'she was ower wet in a gale of wind,' though that was not to be minded, but she was withal a lubberly sailor. The Earl's new yacht would do for a trip to Mull in fair weather, and poorly enough at that; (it had been ordered without taking Christie's opinion on the subject!) Finally, Donald Lairg's craft was selected as best qualified to perform all the offices required; but Christie feared that Donald was not yet home from his herring cruise; he would send down to the Loch and see.

After long hesitation, and after discussing to himself the merits of the various retainers about the castle for the purposes of our enterprise, Christie finally made choice of two brothers, Hugh and Aleck Mac Donald, as most competent to do duty in it. These two he insisted would be quite sufficient for us, and any more would only be in the way. We soon ascertained that Donald Lairg had fortunately returned; whereupon Christie took his leave, to see that the craft was well provided, and her ballast stowed as it should be. Next, fowling-pieces, pistols, bows-and-arrows and fishing-gear of every description, were put in order, and an abundant supply of every thing that was deemed needful made ready. We kept the house quite in an uproar. Both Margaret and Ella entered most actively into all our preparations, and did much to aid them. Frank was not at the Castle; he was spending a few days with Glenfin-

glas, who had quite recovered from the effects of his late wound. The morning was fair, and I was first up. It was scarcely day-break, when I threw open the window looking toward the mountain, and let the cool air breathe through the room. A heavy fog covered the summit, which was now slowly dispersing before the light just dawning in the east. Presently I heard the noise of some one in the court-yard; and going down, I saw Christie busy in getting together what we were to take on our voyage. He was alone, and I watched him a few moments unperceived. He was whistling a stirring Highland air, while he worked away with all the glee of a lad of fourteen, who had broke away from school. 'A plague on the lazy loons!' muttered he, after awhile; 'I'll just gie them another call.' So saying, he ran past where I was standing, almost overturning me in his hurry, and I soon heard him shouting: 'Hugh! Aleck!—Aleck! Hugh!' accompanied with various expletives which would have aroused the Seven Sleepers themselves, had they been so forcibly addressed. Hubert soon made his appearance, and every thing was got ready. We sat down to a very early breakfast, where we met the young ladies only, and having received their kindest wishes for a pleasant excursion, we left the castle.

Proceeding to the Loch, at no great distance, we found the men ready to get under way. We had a pleasant breeze from the north, and sailed rapidly down the Frith, till we made the coast of Mull; then changing our course, we stood to the north'ard and westward, intending to land first at Skye. This was my first experience at sea, and every thing was new and strange to me; but the effect was salutary: a world seemed opening before me, of a new but not unwelcome creation. Shut out from the pleasures, the enjoyments, the occupations of earth, the mind undergoes a distinct change. It discovers that its former classes of ideas were not absolutely essential, while new images crowd upon it, new thoughts take possession of it, and new feelings characterize it. I felt that I was still in a transition state. But for the first time, almost in my whole life, *I felt my soul enlarge.*

My curiosity was also active. I had not betrayed my secret to Hubert; for some reason I felt disinclined to do it. So impatient was I to reach St. Kilda, that I would willingly have foregone a visit to the intermediate islands, but I did not care to urge this; so I could only revolve in my mind the curious incident of the package entrusted to me by Aunt Alice, and the more curious character of its contents. *Something* I was sure awaited me in that island. The impression was too strong to be shaken off. So I nursed it the more carefully.

'Wødallah! Wødallah!' 'Hubert,' said I, rousing myself from my reverie, 'what is the meaning of Wødallah!'

'Wødallah?' I am sure I cannot tell. I never heard it before. Pray where did you pick it up, and what possesses you to be mumbling it over now?' answered my cousin. 'Up with the helm, Christie! and let us speak that fisherman. I will wager you that we come up with him in half an hour. Now we have her in a line—keep her so. Come, St. Leger, no more moping! Wait till we reach St.

Kilda, and then ask the old Norsewoman, if she is still alive, about that unintelligible word. She can tell you, I doubt not.'

'I hope so,' replied I, musingly.

M I D N I G H T T H O U G H T S .

'I HAVE often dreamed that we must have lived in some other and more glorious state of being; and that the mysterious glimpses, that here linger around our souls, are the broken remembrances of that better realm.'

In the deep hush of midnight's shadowy hours,
Now while the solemn stars burn clear on high,
And the calm moon, which shone o'er Eden's bowers,
Silvers the purple gloom of yon far sky,
Now bring no thought of Time, oh! Memory!
To sully mine, which all are of Eternity!

In the adoring silence of my soul,
I stand alone — alone with night and heaven;
My voiceless thoughts sweep far from earth's control,
My voiceless yearnings to yon world are given;
Mine earthly nature boweth and is still —
Immortal longings my lone being fill!

Like those fine spiritual essences, which bow
But to the influence of a midnight spell,
So seems my conscious soul to feel e'en now
A mystic sway shadow her inmost cell;
A sense profound of the Infinity
That yet shall fully clothe this weak mortality.

Light of my dreams! bright solitary star!
A perfect beauty on the brow of night;
The sky is crowned with gems of living light,
But thy rich urn sheds radiance purer far
On me, thy worshipper; from youth my guide,
Mute spell, that rul'st my spirit's secret tide.

O star intense! I gaze and almost deem
That PLATO's fancy is a truth divine;
(A strange and yet sublimely glorious dream!)
That the soul's essence is a part of thine;
That the deep cravings of our spiritual mood
Never *here* satisfied and never all subdued,

Are but the broken memories of that clime
Whose glorious gleams still linger round us here;
While the high soul, scorning the things of Time,
Would fain return to that more perfect sphere;
Still pines the severed part, and struggles still in vain,
To rend the cankered links that form its earthly chain.

Who knoweth this? The ETERNAL hath not given
To human lips His mysteries to explain;
We may not pierce the veil that hides yon Heaven,
Who yet amid Earth's sullyng scenes remain:
But when the soul puts off the mortal here,
Night's mysteries, yea all things, shall be made clear!

X. J. Z.

L I T E R A R Y N O T I C E S .

THE RAVEN, AND OTHER POEMS. By EDGAR A. POE. In one volume. pp. 91. Number Eight of WILEY AND PUTNAM'S 'Library of American Books.'

THE author of this slender volume is of course one of the 'sundry citizens of this good land, meaning well, and hoping well, who, prompted by a certain something in their nature, have trained themselves to do service in various essays, poems, histories, and books of art, fancy and truth;' for we find this very remarkable passage as a motto on the cover of his poems. But 'the certain something' which has prompted him to publish, according to his preface, is not the 'paltry compensations nor the more paltry commendations of mankind.' These have been powerful 'somethings' with most poets, but we think that the author of 'The Raven' has wisely chosen to regard them as nothings; for the amount of either likely to be bestowed upon him as a poet by the 'mankind' he esteems so lightly we fear will be small. MR. POE says in his preface: 'Events not to be controlled have prevented me from making, at any time, any serious efforts in what, under happier circumstances, would have been the field of my choice. With me poetry has not been a purpose, but a passion.' This is very pitiable, but entirely incomprehensible. According to the biographies of MR. POE, he must be very near the age at which BYRON died, and beyond that at which all the great poets produced their greatest works; and according to his own story, he began writing poetry at an age much earlier than any poet of whom we know any thing. His whole life has been spent in literary pursuits, and here we have the results of his poetical career. At what period he commenced writing verses we do not know; but he tells us in a note that it was in his 'earliest boyhood,' which begins we believe with the jacket-and-trousers, generally at three or four years. If MR. POE wrote the Ode to Science at that early period, he was certainly a remarkable boy, but hardly a poet. We have heard that, in the paper of which he is the editor, he has stated that he wrote 'Al Aaraaf,' the poem with which he professes to have humbugged the poor Bostonians, in his tenth year. The 'Boston Post' thought it must have been produced at a much earlier age. We have no opinion on the subject ourselves, not having read it, but are disposed to believe the author, and should believe him if he said the same of the poems which we have read. We see no reason why they might not have been written at the age of ten: children are more apt, in remembering words, than men; and as there have been infant violinists, pianists, mimics and dancers, we see no reason why there should not be an infant rhythmist. A talent for versification may exist without a genius for poetry; and according to our own estimate of MR. POE's abilities, his poetical constitution is nothing more than an aptitude

for rhythm. We should judge as much, from reading his criticisms of poetry, which seem to have been written after a very thorough cramming of BLAIR's lectures and the essays of Lord KAIMES. In several instances he has asserted that there cannot be such a thing as a didactic poem. This demolishes at one swoop about nine-tenths of what the world has heretofore considered the highest poetry. If we can glean any distinct meaning from Mr POE's criticisms and verses, respecting his ideas of what constitutes a poem, it is this: a poem is a metrical composition without ideas. 'The Haunted Palace' and other of his best performances were certainly composed upon such a principle; and the same might be said of many of his prose essays, words being the sole substance in them. One of the reasons which he gives for publishing the 'poems written in youth' is a 'reference to the date of TENNYSON's first poems.' Whether he means by this to clear his own or TENNYSON's skirts from the taint of plagiarism, we do not understand. But we do not believe that any body has ever dreamed of charging Mr. POE with imitating TENNYSON in any of these 'poems written in youth.' It will not be a very easy matter, however, for him to convince the readers of TENNYSON that he did not draw largely upon that poet when he wrote 'Lenore.' It is a much more palpable imitation than LONGFELLOW's in his 'Midnight Mass for the Dying Year,' which Mr. POE has made so much noise about. Mr. POE's tendency to extreme vagueness, which is the antipodes of poetical expression, shows itself plainly in the titles of his poems: one is addressed 'To the River ——,' as though there were something mighty private or naughty in his address to a running stream, which might compromise its character, if known. There are poems addressed 'To ——,' which, according to our author's theory, is a highly poetical designation, '——' being hazy to the last extreme: there is a poem addressed 'To F ——' and another 'To F —— s S. O —— d.' This last is suggestive of a lady's name, FRANCES S. OSGOOD, and being a poetess herself, we extract the poem, both as a specimen of Mr. POE's matured powers, and of the kind of epistle which a poet sends to a poetess:

'Thou wouldst be loved?—then let thy heart
From its present pathway part not!
Being every thing which now thou art,
Be nothing which thou art not.
So with the world thy gentle ways,
Thy grace, thy more than beauty,
Shall be an endless theme of praise,
And love—a simple duty.'

This is not one of the poems 'written in youth,' but this which follows is:

'TO ——.'
'THE bowers whereat, in dreams, I see
The wantonest singing birds,
Are lips, and all thy melody
Of lip-begotten words:
'Thine eyes, in Heaven of heart enshrined,
Then desolately fall,
O God! on my funereal mind
Like starlight on a pall.
'Thy heart! thy heart! I wake and sigh,
And sleep to dream till day,
Of the truth that gold can never buy,
Of the baubles that it may.'

'The child is father of the man,' but the father in this case is superior to the offspring. There are probably very few boys who have enjoyed the privilege of a common-school education who have not written scores of verses like these; but it is a

very rare occurrence for verses 'To ——' to be published by their authors when they become men. This, however, is a mere matter of taste.'

We have no disposition to criticize Mr. Poe's poems: such as they are, we give them welcome. His reputation as a poet rests mainly upon 'The Raven,' which, as we have already said, we consider an unique and musical piece of versification, but as a poem it will not bear scrutiny. If we were disposed to retort upon Mr. Poe for the exceedingly gross and false statements which, upon an imaginary slight, he made in his paper respecting this Magazine, we could ask for no greater favor than to be allowed to criticize his volume of poems. Surely no author is so much indebted to the forbearance of critics as Mr. Poe, and no person connected with the press in this country is entitled to less mercy or consideration. His criticisms, so called, are generally a tissue of coarse personal abuse or personal adulation. He has praised to the highest degree some of the paltriest writers in the country, and abused in the grossest terms many of the best. But criticism is his weakness: 'to that music he rises and flutters.' In ladies' magazines he is an ARISTARCHUS, but among men of letters his sword is a broken lath.

We are not much disappointed in the quality of Mr. Poe's poems, but the meagreness of his volume as to quantity is really surprising. He is one of the few authors by profession known to American readers; and considering that poetry is 'a passion' with him, and 'not a purpose,' the little of any kind that he has produced is a thing to be wondered at. We do not know what the unhappy circumstances may be which have prevented him from making any 'serious effort' in his favorite pursuit; but his hinderances can hardly be greater than those under which the greater part of that which the world calls poetry has been produced. Has he been blind, like MILTON; has he been mad, like TASSO; been starved, like CHATTERTON; persecuted, like DANTE; exposed, like BYRON; harrassed, like BURNS; depressed, like COWPER? Has he labored like ELLIOT; fought, like KÖRNER; been neglected, like BUTLER; bent, like DRYDEN, or tempted, as many noble poets have been, by luxury and sloth? A real poet will never tell of the hinderances to effort. It is *overcoming* hinderances which gives the surest testimony of ability. Nothing will excuse a poet for non-production but non-ability. Let the author produce his talent and say, 'T is the best I could do;' excuses for not doing better will avail him nothing. Indeed, we are believers in CARLETON's Irish paradox, and think it as applicable to poets, '*who have it in them,*' as to any body else; namely, that 'more men have risen in the world from the enmity of their enemies than from the kindness of their friends.' Poets, like other men, may become 'blue-moulded for want of a *batin*.' Whatever circumstances the true poet may be placed in, whether worried by affluence or depressed by misery, he will be a poet in spite of them; and his overcoming difficulties will be the best evidence of his 'passion.' Mr. Poe's passion for poetry must be a very tender one, or he would not come before the world at his age with such a volume, and with such an excuse for its meagreness. The history of genius hardly affords an instance of one born upon 'the field of his choice.' Shepherds have become astronomers, shoemakers mathematicians, barbers commanders, physicians architects, ploughmen poets, tailors statesmen, weavers artists. Judging from Mr. Poe's memoirs, which must be correct, since he circulates them himself, his opportunities for cultivating his passion have been superior to those enjoyed by any writer of reputation among us. But 'every heart knoweth its own bitterness,' and we doubt not that Mr. Poe's complaint is well founded. It is a painful reflection, however, that we have a great poet

among us placed in such unhappy circumstances that he cannot develop his genius, nor make a serious effort in that kind of composition for which he has a consciousness of being qualified by nature. The circumstances must indeed be exceedingly unhappy and distressing, which would cause a poet to accept an invitation from a learned society to deliver an original poem at its annual meeting, and after receiving pay therefor, to read a rhapsody composed and published in his tenth year, and afterward bring forward, as a proof of the stupidity of his audience, that they listened to him with civil attention. 'But something too much of this.'

POEMS BY HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW: with Illustrations by D. HUNTINGTON. In one volume. pp. 387. Philadelphia: CAREY AND HART.

IT cannot be denied that some of our publishers are approaching — nay, that they have already reached — the excellence of typographical execution and general external matériel, which is so characteristic of the better issues of the English press. Here now is a volume written, printed, illustrated (by native engravers, from native paintings,) and published by Americans, which in *all* regards must command admiration from every candid critic and reader, at home and abroad. The illustrations are eleven in number: 'PRECIOSA,' from 'The Spanish Student,' by J. CHENEY; 'Landscape,' for the title-page, by DOUGAL; portrait of the author, from a drawing by S. W. CHENEY; 'The Old Cathedral,' from 'Voices of the Night,' by W. HUMPHREYS; 'Wreck of the Hesperus,' by W. H. DOUGAL; 'Maidenhood,' by J. CHENEY; 'Excelsior,' (was this painted by HUNTINGTON? — we thought it the very clever production of REED,) by W. HUMPHREYS; 'Nuremberg, der Schoen Brunnen;' 'Woods in Winter;' 'PRECIOSA before the Archbishop;' all by W. HUMPHREYS; and 'An April Day,' by W. H. DOUGAL. Such are the illustrations, and very beautiful many of them are. The portrait of the author we pronounce a very good one of our old friend and contributor. The face seems a little over-full in flesh; otherwise, the likeness is exact. It is no better, however, than the one painted by C. GIOVANNI THOMPSON, two or three years since. We need say little of the contents of this charming volume; for so large a portion of the work appeared originally in these pages, that our readers are quite aware of their literary attractions. There would seem to be some disagreement among the *critics* in relation to the poetry of LONGFELLOW, but the *public* appear to be very unanimous in their estimate of his productions. There be 'hardlings,' to be sure, as we took occasion to hint, in our last number, who look with ruffled self-complacency upon the popularity of LONGFELLOW, to a title of which they may never hope to attain, although there are friendly critics enough to keep their 'pretensions' continually 'before the people.' Much has been said, at sundry times and in divers places, concerning Mr. LONGFELLOW's alleged plagiarisms. But it would not be amiss, one would suppose, that such grave charges should be accompanied with specifications. We remember but one distinct allegation, however, and in that Mr. LONGFELLOW was accused of copying a Scottish ballad, which purported to be translated from the German. It turned out, nevertheless, as all who knew him knew it *would* turn out, that he *had* translated the ballad from the German, into which it had been rendered, and with such singular faithfulness as to incur the suspicion of having appropriated the rare original, which he had never encountered! There is such a thing, too, it may be remarked here, as

unconscious plagiarism. It will hardly be contended by any one, we may suppose, that BYRON or GRAY could have been obliged to borrow from any body; and yet SOMMER illustrates his position that 'the most popular poets have been the greatest thieves,' by saying that those who wish to see GRAY's 'cribbings,' should consult MITFORD's edition of his works. BYRON, he affirms, stole right and left. He stole from GRAY's letters, and from WALPOLE. His phrase, 'the fury of the vulture passions' is from the Ode to Eaton College:

'THESE shall the fury passions tear,
The vultures of the mind.'

Those fine lines in 'Childe Harold' on solitude are from BACON: 'Men know not what solitude is, nor how far it extends. For a crowd is not a company, and society is but a gallery of pictures, and talk is but tinkling cymbals, where no logic is.' 'Faded ideas,' says SHERIDAN, however; 'like half-forgotten dreams, float on the fancy, and the imagination in its fullest enjoyment is at a loss to determine whether it has *created* or *adopted*.' But it needs a liberal mind to concede so much; and envy does not dwell in liberal minds. The pretentious and the self-conceited, the 'neglected' and the soured, among our self-elected poets, may be pardoned for decrying that excellence they cannot reach. Again we commend Mr. LONGFELLOW's beautiful volume to a wide public acceptance. A more appropriate and admirable present for the new year, let us add 'in season,' could no where be found.

THE HISTORY OF SILK, COTTON, LINEN, WOOL, AND OTHER FIBROUS SUBSTANCES: including Observations on Spinning, Dyeing, and Weaving: also an account of the Pastoral Life of the Ancients, their Social State and Attainments in the Domestic Arts: with Appendices on PLINY's Natural History; on the Origin and Manufacture of Linen and Cotton Paper; on Felling, Netting, etc.; from authentic sources. In one volume. pp. 464. New-York: HARPER AND BROTHERS.

THE title-page of this large and extremely well-executed volume itself sets forth its great value, in the mere enumeration of the main subjects upon which it treats. The author remarks with truth, that of the many beneficent achievements of inventive genius, those which more immediately minister to the personal convenience and comfort of mankind assert a natural preëminence. Among the first under this head may be classed the invention of weaving, with its collateral branches of spinning, netting, sewing, felting and dyeing. An account of the origin and progress of this family of domestic arts can hardly fail to interest the intelligent reader, while it has especial claim on the attention of those engaged in the prosecution or improvement of these arts; and these are the ends the work is intended and well calculated to serve. 'In the present age,' adds the author, 'when the resources of science and intellect have so largely pressed into the service of mechanical invention, especially with reference to the production of fabrics from fibrous substances, it is somewhat remarkable that no methodical treatise on this topic has been offered to the public, and that the topic itself seems to have almost eluded the investigations of the learned.' The first division of the book before us is devoted to the consideration of silk, its early history and cultivation in China and various other parts of the world; the second comprises the history of the sheep, goat, camel and beaver, and is both curious and valuable; the ancient history of the cotton manufacture succeeds, and embodies many new and important facts connected with its early history and progress. The fourth and last division embraces the history of the linen manufacture,

including notices of hemp, flax, asbestos, etc. The appendices comprise rare and valuable extracts, derived from unquestionable authorities. The volume is illustrated by ten illustrations, elucidative of the text, five of which are entirely original. The work has evidently been prepared with great labor and care, and we cannot doubt that it will command a very wide sale. It certainly deserves it.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY. First complete American edition: with some remarks on the Poetical Faculty, and its Influence on Human Destiny; embracing a Biographical and Critical Notice. By G. G. FOSTER. In one volume. pp. 750. New-York: J. S. REDFIELD, Clinton Hall.

WE hail the appearance of this volume with sincere gratification; and are rejoiced moreover to find the writings of a poet so gifted clothed in a garb so beautiful and enduring as that presented by the popular publisher to whose liberality and enterprise we are indebted for the present edition. Mr. FOSTER, the editor, has brought to his task a thorough acquaintance with the writings of his author and a full appreciation and cordial admiration of them. He has done more; he seems to us to have deduced from them the personal character of the writer, with as faithful a transcript as the poet himself has conveyed with his pen. 'Of his sad experience of life,' he writes, 'his fierce and bitter struggles with the storm which his own electric nature gathered about him; his weary battle, single-handed, with a world in arms, there is little to be said in words; but that little is pregnant with deep meaning: it is the memoir of a hero and a prophet; a hero without outward and visible deeds of heroism; a prophet, 'without honor in his own country,' or earnest audience any where on earth; who poured out the inspirations with which his soul was fraught, whether men would listen or no, and because he was impelled by a divine instinct, and could not forbear. Of SHELLEY's personal character, it is enough to say that it was wholly pervaded by the same unbounded and unquestioning love for his fellow-men; the same holy and fervid hope in their ultimate virtue and happiness; the same scorn of baseness and hatred of oppression, which beam forth in all his writings with a pure and constant light. The *theory* which he wrote was the *practice* which his whole life exemplified. Noble, kind, generous, passionate, tender; with a courage greater than the courage of the chief of warriors, for it could *endure*; these were the qualities in which his life was embalmed.' As a poet, the editor regards SHELLEY as possessing, in their highest form, the diviner attributes of the poetical nature: 'The Almighty Spirit of the Universe ever at certain intervals holds direct communion with some elected soul among men, who thus becomes the channel of correspondence between God and the race. If this were not done in some way, and in no way so likely or so well authenticated as by prophecy, God would be no God, or His will regarding us and our destiny would be to us as if He were not. Such communication must and does take place, and the words of this communication are what we know as poetry, inspiration, prophecy; and no man is at all a poet except in proportion as the light of inspiration or prophecy has fallen direct from heaven into his brain, making it conceive with the secret monitions of the INFINITE; which must and will in the fulness of time be uttered in the ears of men, and can no more be quenched or strangled than the sunbeam after it has sped from its source.' SHELLEY's style, his rhythm, his power of language, are the natural outpourings of a soul whose very existence was melody; of a soul lying

near to the great source of harmony, without which nothing was made and nothing lives; uttering the beautiful mysteries which it saw and heard. His imitators, of which whole schools have recently come into fashion, have caught the shadow but never found the substance.' This is well said; but we conceive that *SHELLEY* himself has, with more than equal distinctness, conveyed, in a letter to one of his friends, his peculiar poetical characteristics. His power, he was right in believing, consisted in giving a genuine picture of his own mind; 'in sympathy, and that part of the imagination which relates to sentiment and contemplation.' He was formed to apprehend minute and remote distinctions of feeling, whether relative to external nature, or the living beings which surrounded him, and to communicate the conceptions which resulted from considering either the moral or the material universe as a whole. These faculties, which comprehend the sublime in man, existed preëminently in *SHELLEY*'s mind. But we must permit the readers of the volume before us, and their number will not be few, to derive their impressions of its character from its own pages; and to this end, we again commend it to that 'acceptance bounteous' which its merits demand.

LETTERS AND SPEECHES OF OLIVER CROMWELL. In two Volumes, of four Parts. New-York: WILEY AND PUTNAM'S 'Library of Choice Reading.'

VERY remarkably '*Carlyleish*' are these stirring pages. Earnest, picturesque, unique, grotesque, graphic. Every where *CARLYLE*; so that if you have the patient assiduity to work them out, meanings pregnant flash upon you continually. In a line, in a short sentence often, you shall see, not a single picture only, but a group of forceful limnings; scenes, it may be, as 'level to the eye' as a Dutch landscape, and figures erect and life-like as breathing Man himself. Great plainness of speech also, touching men and men's deeds; the higher in power and station, the more free and biting the satirical animadversion. 'Flunkey,' 'spooney,' 'noodle,' 'buzzard,' 'ninny;' these are the terms visited upon those who have proved themselves worthy to wear them. Perhaps one might wish that such word-pillories were not so often erected in the progress of our author's pictured narrative; but then this is *CARLYLE*; which is far from being the case with the weak 'spoonies' who exhibit their intellectual poverty and irredeemable awkwardness in trying to imitate him. Here, in a single extract, is a specimen of *CARLYLE*'s crowded canvass:

'On the fourth day after this appearance of Bulstrode as a Law-reformer, occurred the famous *Black Monday*; fearfulest eclipse of the sun ever seen by mankind. Came on about nine in the morning; darker and darker; ploughmen unyoked their teams, stars came out, birds sorrowfully chirping took to roost, men in amazement to prayers; a day of much obscurity; *Black Monday*, or *Mirk Monday*; 29th March, 1652. Much noised of by Lilly, Booker, and the buzzard Astrologer tribe. Betokening somewhat? Belike that Bulstrode and this Parliament will, in the way of Law-reform and otherwise, make a Practical Gospel, or real Reign of God in this England?

'*July 9th, 1652.* A great external fact which, no doubt, has its effect on all internal movements, is the War with the Dutch. The Dutch ever since our Death-Warrant to Charles First have looked askance at the New Commonwealth, which wished to stand well with them; and have accumulated offence on offence against it. Ambassador Dorislaus was assassinated in their country; Charles Second was entertained there; evasive slow answers were given to tough St. John, who went over as new Ambassador; to which St. John responding with great directness, in a proud, brief and very emphatic manner, took his leave, and came home again. Came home again; and passed the celebrated Navigation Act, thereby terribly maiming the 'Carrying Trade of the Dutch;' and indeed, as the issue proved, depressing the Dutch Maritime Interest not a little, and proportionally elevating that of England. Embassies in consequence, from their irritated High Mightinesses; sea-fightings in consequence; and much negotiating, apologizing, and bickering, mounting ever higher; which at length, at the date above given, issues in declared War. Dutch War: cannonadings and fierce sea-fights in the narrow seas; land-soldiers drafted to fight on shipboard; and land-officers, Blake, Dean, Monk, became very famous sea-officers; Blake a thrice-famous one; — poor Dean lost his life in this business. They doggedly beat the Dutch, and again beat them; their best Von Tromps and De Ruyters could not stand these terrible Puritan Sailors and Gunners.'

BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL MISCELLANIES. By WILLIAM H. PRESCOTT, Author of the History of FERDINAND and ISABELLA, 'The Conquest of Mexico,' etc. In one volume. pp. 638. New-York: HARPER AND BROTHERS.

The publishers of this beautiful volume — uniform, we are glad to remark, with the previous popular works of its author — have performed a good service to the public in placing it before American readers. The papers which it contains, with a single exception, have been selected from contributions originally made to the North American Review, 'the most considerable journal in the United States,' as Mr. PRESCOTT well observes, in his preface to the English edition of the volume under notice. The articles, which were written many years since, have little reference to local or temporary topics, but are purely of a literary character; the titles of the several papers being 'CHARLES BROCKDEN BROWN, the American Novelist;' 'Asylum for the Blind;' 'IRVING'S Conquest of Granada;' 'CERVANTES;' 'SIR WALTER SCOTT;' 'CHATEAUBRIAND'S English Literature;' 'BANCROFT'S United States;' 'MADAME CALDERON'S Life in Mexico;' 'MOLIÈRE;' 'Italian Narrative Poetry;' 'Poetry and Romance of the Italians;' 'Scottish Song,' and 'DA PONTE'S Observations.' Mr. PRESCOTT rarely undertakes the consideration of any subject which he does not 'illustrate,' in the best meaning of the word. The papers which have impressed us most favorably in the volume under notice, are the reviews of CHARLES BROCKDEN BROWN, of SIR WALTER SCOTT, CHATEAUBRIAND'S 'English Literature,' and the article on 'Asylums for the Blind.' A well-engraved portrait of Mr. PRESCOTT fronts the title-page, excellent in all respects save in the *smallness* of the head and features.

MONTEZUMA, THE LAST OF THE AZTECS: an Historical Romance of the Conquest of Mexico. By EDWARD MATURIN. In two volumes. pp. 540. New-York: PAINE AND BURGESS.

MR. MATURIN, in making choice of scene and character for the work before us, has evinced the self-reliance of true genius, with unmistakable evidences of which indeed the work abounds. So well conjoined are the incidents, and so incapable of segregation, without doing injustice to the author's complete plan, that we are compelled, partly from a lack of leisure, but more from a want of space consequent upon the first number of a new volume, to forego an elaborate consideration of the work. This will be of little consequence to our readers, since the volumes are already widely disseminated, and even before these pages will pass to the press, will have become very generally extant. To the magnificent 'Curse of QUETZALCOATL' we adverted at some length in our last number; and reading it over again, in connection with the incidents of the romance, we are struck with the power of its execution. Next to this, in point of original force and graphic description, we consider the history and account of the execution of the Tlascalcan chief, in the second volume. The sacrificial scene is drawn with the hand of a master; and that which ensues, descriptive of the agony and undying affection of that fine creation, CHOITLA, is admirably well sustained. But without the work by us, (and books like this are the ones which so often disappear miraculously from one's table,) we are unable satisfactorily to recall the many points which arrested our attention and fixed our admiration in their perusal. We shall content ourselves for the present therefore with recommending to our readers the well-printed volumes whose merits we have rather hinted at than indicated; satisfied that they will find in their pages ample confirmation of the justice of our praise.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

'THE PAST AND THE PRESENT' is the title of a discourse not long since delivered before the Erosophic Society of the University of Alabama, by BENJAMIN FANEUIL PORTER. It is a production of decided originality and power, and we propose to afford our readers a slight 'taste of its quality.' It was a remark of Madame DE STAEL, that 'that Past which is so presumptuously brought forward as a precedent for the Present, was itself founded on an alteration of some Past that went before it.' The discourse before us rebukes the disposition manifested by many of the writers and speakers of the present day to *undervalue the times in which we live*; to condemn the present, and mourn the future as beset with disastrous revolutions. 'The nations, the institutions, the men of one age, are but dead bodies to the souls of succeeding times. Death is the sleep from which another existence wakes up. Like the green ivy, which reaches its utmost height only through time-broken crevices, each era lives and advances upon the ruins of the last. The flame which burned so brilliantly on the altars of the Grecian, it is true, is extinguished there; but it enlightens lands boasting a more rational and widely-diffused liberty. The monument of art which once hailed the morning sun in mysterious tones, echoes now but to the labors of a CHAMPOLLION and ROSSELLINI; but still it records the vanity of man, and exists as the vindicator of the awful providences of God.' The writer assumes the ground that man, the object of all revolution, constantly improves; in defiance of his opposition, Nature vindicates her laws; notwithstanding his destruction, all is life; independent of his sloth, all is progression. These truths are established by a detail of some of the physical and intellectual processes through which this 'state of progression' is unfolded. The phenomena presented in the structure of the earth is in this connexion thus considered:

'WHEN we examine the composition and arrangement of the materials forming the mass of matter on which we live, we discover rocks, minerals, and, in a popular sense, earths of various qualities. In some places we see a loose red brown and white soil, crumbled into powder, and forming the general surface. In others we find horizontal masses of rock spread out in strata or beds, one resting upon the other. Again, we see these strata twisted and raised up from their flat position, and cones of harder and crystallated rock, in which no strata are discoverable, forced up through them. In some of these we notice remains of vegetable matter; in others of animals. In some places we find rocks rolled and rounded as if by some violent action; in others we see particles deposited as if by the gentlest motion. Cutting into beds of some rocks, we behold veins of metal injected into fissures. Often the rocks themselves seem melted as if by suppressed fires. When we descend into the interior of the earth, we have a sensation of heat, increasing at the rate of one degree for every fifty feet; when we examine its surface, we find something like two hundred mouths vomiting forth internal fires. But to illustrate these phenomena farther: If we see in the bosom of the earth a body of rock, not spread out into layers, having the appearance of being once melted by fire; if this rock presents no sign of animal or vegetable remains, it is no strained conclusion, that it was moulded amidst intense fires, and surrounded by an atmosphere of too high temperature for

the existence of organized life. Again: If we discover rocks of different chemical composition, lying in strata, having the appearance of the deposits we now see formed from water, if of great thickness, and full of the remains of vegetables, it is a just conclusion that these also are deposits from water, the work of ages; and that heat and moisture, the chief conditions of vegetable life, prevailed. If in the strata of other rocks we find the remains of organized life, which could not have existed in an atmosphere necessary to the vegetation last considered, it is but just to believe, that a lower temperature, suited to their habits of life and capacities, must have existed. If coming nearer, in supposition, to our own times, we see evidences of ungovernable floods of water having rushed in many directions, rolling fragments of rocks into globes, again reducing them to gravel, again cutting grooves into granite; if we see remains of animals of vast physical powers, whose existence could be safely subjected to an atmosphere of intense temperature, and then, after their races had become extinct, we see the first proofs of man's appearance on the earth, can it be called a wild mental scheme to assert, that in different times and places, the earth was subjected to a deluge of water; that physical life gradually declined as a cooler atmosphere and other circumstances combined to prepare the way for a more intellectual being? Lastly: if reviewing all these things we find nothing lost amidst the revolutions of earth; if, in connexion with all these vicissitudes, the physical and the moral condition of nature has improved, what, let us ask, results from these facts and indications? Simply the truths of Geology; one of the most sublime, because the most natural of sciences; one whose volume is the great globe itself, unfolding its noble pages of granite and crystal, and metal, as if to disclose, in characters of fire, the awful truths of nature, and reveal to the present age their once incomprehensible narrations.'

We should be glad, did our limits permit, to follow the writer in the farther inquiries by which he tests the principles of geology, and the inferences which he draws from them; tracing our planet as a burning mass, cooling gradually, and forming a crust upon its surface; the first organic formations, from the crude plant to the latest form of irrational animal matter; produced and perishing in their successions, and changed into rocky and mineral substances; and lastly, the appearance, upon their tombs, of MAN, an intellectual and moral being, bearing the relation to the moral world that the primitive rocks, the foundations of the earth, bear to nature; both having been gradually developed, and both serving in their turn the eternal purposes of truth and justice. In the one case, rocks are raised up amidst awful convulsions, only to crumble beneath external influences and fertilize the plain; in the other, the process of mental development gradually but certainly advances toward perfection:

'EVERY modern improvement, every new institution, every triumph of mind, indicates a remarkable adaptation to the useful purposes of life. It is reserved for an age, deeply reflective upon the character of events, to appreciate the assertion, that taking the same number of persons, and separating from the history of former times their brilliant pageantry; take from their religion its superstitious horrors and gorgeous ceremonies; from war its martial music and splendid decorations; from their orators the occasion, and from their manners their pleasures; and the whole scene, in comparison with the habits and inventions and institutions of the last fifty years, will fade like the evanescent cloud breathed upon a mirror. Observe the rapid strides of discoveries in philosophy, science and the mechanic arts, and their application to the means of feeding and clothing men. A philosopher ascertains that sulphur, nitre and charcoal form a combustible substance: our ancestors applied it to murder each other; we to the arts. Gun-powder blasts rocks, cuts through mountains, and excavates tunnels for the use of rail-roads, and to supply cities with building materials. One ascertains that steam is expansive; that thrown into a tube in a particular way, it will move a piston-rod and produce action. On this a FULTON applies the principle to machinery, and a WATT builds a steam-engine. A plant is found bearing a woolly substance; WHITNEY invents a machine, which on turning a crank, separates the seed from the wool. A HARGRAVES invents a spinning-jenny; a CARTWRIGHT the power-loom. What effect have these things had on the population, the wealth, the trade, the comfort of the world!'

CARLYLE in one of his essays hints at such 'improvements' in his own altogether inimitable way: 'The Staffordshire coal stratum and coal strata lay side by side with iron strata, quiet since the creation of the world. Water flowed in Lancashire and Lanarkshire; bituminous fire lay bedded in rocks there too. God said, 'Let the iron missionaries be!'—and they were. Coal and iron, so long close but unregardful neighbors, are wedded together; Birmingham and Wolverhampton, and the hundred Stygian forges, with their fire-throats and never-resting sledge-hammers, rose into day. Wet Manconium stretched out her hand toward Carolina and the torrid zone, and plucked cotton thence; who could forbid her, she that had the skill to weave it? Fish fled thereupon from the Mersey river, vexed by innumerable keels. (What a

'picture in little' of commerce, reader, is conveyed in that brief sentence !) England, I say, dug out her bituminous fire and bade it work ; towns arose, and steeple-chimneys.' We had pencilled for insertion, but are compelled to omit, a remarkable illustration of the easily-traced influence of *steam*, in the instance of the rise of the town of Birkenhead, opposite Liverpool ; preëminently establishing the position, that anciently, moral as well as mental energy, like wealth, confined to a few, slumbered without producing in the course of centuries what is now in the period of a few months unfolded in the minds and occupations of the great mass. 'Therefore, industry is awake, because it brings fortune and honor to the laborer ; ignorance declines, because education is more general ; wealth is more useful, because more extensively distributed.' We conclude with the advice to all such of our readers as can command the modest but most meritorious discourse which we have been considering, at once to secure the perusal which it will so richly repay.

A CAPITAL STORY OF CAPITAL PUNISHMENT.— We are indebted to a favorite contributor for an amusing sketch, with which we shall serve our 'Table' in two separate side-dishes. Have the goodness 'at this present' to taste and admire the first : 'Some years since, there lived in Cincinnati a bullet-headed, broad-shouldered, thick-necked brute of a Dutchman, who, tempted' as he said 'by de rum and de Tuyfel,' committed the horrible crime of murdering his wife. There existed at that time, and for aught that I know up to the present period, a law in the state of Ohio that a criminal found guilty of murder might, as it was expressed, have 'liberty of choice' between hanging or imprisonment for life. Consequently most homicides had taken the privilege of drawing their necks from the noose, and had chosen the 'liberty' of being *deprived* of liberty 'during their natural lives.' But our Dutchman, from sheer obstinacy and contempt of advice, loudly declared that he had rather be hung. The Cincinnatians, like all other enlightened people, love to ride on an excitement ; and the city was divided against itself on the hanging question with the same spirit and sincerity as it would have been on a contested election. There were hanging and anti-hanging tea-parties, hanging and anti-hanging churches ; and the anti-hangers raged furiously against the hangers for their blood-thirstiness and non-obedience to the commandments, while the hangers as loudly denounced the anti-hangers as immoral innovators, who would destroy the constitution and uproot civilization. The old man suddenly found himself the most 'interesting' person that had ever been in Cincinnati, and received several deputations every day to shake or confirm his decision ; but, inflexible as PROMETHEUS on the rock, he firmly adhered to the hanging. At that time Science had not as now lifted her many-eyed head in every town and village, and any one who could even *say* a few words on such subjects was looked upon with no small wonder. A young Scotchman was then the oracle, who pronounced sentence on all the 'onomies and 'ologies, to the astonishment of the town's-people, 'that one small head could carry all he knew.' Professor KILMARNOCK was one of the most credulous, kind-hearted, benevolent Scotchman breathing. His whole thoughts were bent on the physical sciences ; and he was continually expatiating in all places, for his mind never reverted to the person with whom he discoursed, and consequently entirely disregarded their capacity or fitness for the subject. On electricity, galvanism or magnetism he would talk by the hour ; and it mattered little

whether his auditor was a child, an old negro, or an elderly lady. In his personal appearance he was a laughable-looking object enough at first sight, but a short acquaintance with him soon changed ridicule into respect; for as I have said, he was one of the most sincere, honest and kind-hearted of men, and would do all in his power to serve any human being.

'One day, when he was as usual running over his notes on galvanism, a friend, who was a bit of a wag, suggested to him what a providential thing it would be for him if the old Dutchman were to be hanged, as he would then have an opportunity of enlightening the Cincinnatians with an exhibition of that wonderful science, and likewise of putting a considerable sum in his own pocket. Struck with this new plan for the diffusion of science, he was instantly converted from a violent anti-hanger to a most sincere 'hanger.' He posted off to the old man, with a request that, 'for the good of the public,' he would will his body, which he pertinently remarked would be 'of no farther use to the owner,' to him, for the benefit and instruction of his fellow citizens. 'Yääs,' said the old man, 'you may have my poor pody; ash you say, 't will do me no goot; but while she live, she moost have some rum, and a leetle moonney.' So he entered into an agreement that he would sell his body for fifty dollars in hand, a quart of rum daily, and an extra quart on the day of execution. They 'shook hands on the bargain,' and it was impossible to say which seemed the best pleased. In a few days a new claimant appeared, in the person of the old man's son, who being suddenly seized with a rapid growth of filial affection, declared that 'his feelings would not allow him to see his father's body chucked about in that way for nothing!' Fifty dollars more were offered, when his lacerated feelings shrunk back to their original dimensions; and on leaving, he acknowledged that 'six hogs and two cows, which he intended to buy with the money, were worth more in his estimation than an old dead body; which,' as he said, 'would take something to bury it!' A legal friend observed that all that was required had not yet been done; that the approbation of the sheriff was necessary. This however was easily secured; for that officer said 'he did n't care a fip what became of the body, if he could only find a substitute, and draw himself out of the hanging; for it did n't become a deacon of the church to be fumbling at a halter with a man's head in it.'

'The Professor now set to work and manufactured a galvanic-battery, which the citizens crowded in to inspect. He informed them that it would work in *such* a manner, and that then the man would do *thus*, and again *so*, until they had derived a perfect comprehension, through a succession of lucid 'thus's' and 'so's', of the whole capability of the wonderful machine. The same mischief-loving wag who first set the Professor's wits a-gadding, told him that, as he would probably have the greatest audience that had ever gathered together in Cincinnati, he ought to select the largest building in town, and secure it for their reception. He advised him to apply without delay to the Rev. Dr. WATSON for the loan of the Presbyterian church. The credulous Professor, never taking into consideration the ridiculousness of such a request, started directly for the Doctor's house, and asked to see him on most earnest business. KILMARNOCK stated his errand to the worthy divine, who being a most zealous anti-hanger, and having preached several 'powerful sermons' which he thought ought to have brought over the whole city to his own opinion, was at first struck dumb with amazement at what he considered a gross insult, as well as a sacrilegious profanation. But the Professor, mistaking the pause for one of consideration, poured forth a torrent of what he supposed most cogent arguments; each one acting as a greater shock to the

Doctor's excited feeling, and adding fresh fuel to his ire. Being near-sighted, he did not at first perceive the inflamed and swollen countenance of the minister, who being extremely fat, and of a choleric temperament, looked like a man suddenly seized with a fit of apoplexy. At length he found words to exclaim: 'Do you think I would turn the House of God into a butcher's-shop — a dissecting-room! Out of my house this instant, Sir!' —

But to return: 'As the time appointed for the execution drew nigh, many people prophesied that the old Dutchman's resolution would evaporate; but he never for an instant wavered. He seemed to take a strange and unaccountable interest in all the preparations; inquiring every day if the scaffold was erected; whether the sheriff had got a substitute, and how much he had agreed to pay him, etc. When answered in the affirmative, the old wretch would chuckle with a horrible glee, and say to himself, 'Goot! goot!' The eventful day at length arrived, which the law and his own will had decided should be his last. Early in the morning he was remarking to the jail-keeper that 'as it was to be his last breakfast, he should expect a goot one;' when at that moment KILMARNOCK entered: 'Yes,' said the Professor, 'gi'e him a broiled chicken, a hoe-cake, and a gude cup o'coffee;' 'and,' interrupted the old man, 'plenty tobacker.' 'Ay,' chimed in the Professor, 'and some tobacco; the purauld creature should ha'e every thing he wants noo, and make me 'sponsible for the indebtedness.'

'There never had been, I believe, a hanging in Cincinnati before; and the sheriff had erected a new gallows, with an improved 'trap,' the whole painted black, and familiarly denominated 'The Sheriff's Black Drop.' In every part of the city were posted large hand-bills, announcing that 'Professor KILMARNOCK, from Glasgow, for the elucidation of science, intended to give at the Circus, which had been hired at an immense expense for the occasion, an exhibition of the wonderful science of galvanism, in which a dead man would be made to perform all the movements of which a living one was capable.' Mid-day was the hour set for the execution; and by that time the common on which the gallows stood was paved with closely-wedged heads for a quarter of a mile in extent: so densely were they packed, indeed, that when the wagon arrived with the victim, the unhappy man and his attendants had to alight and walk to the gallows. Many of the clergy and other benevolent persons took advantage of this last opportunity, and with feeling and eloquence besought the guilty man to have pity upon himself, and even at that late hour to 'accept of proffered mercy.' They told him that it was beyond expression awful, that an unrepenting sinner, with red murder on his head, should of his own free will plunge headlong into the fire that is never quenched; that by such an abhorrent act he would be guilty of two murders, and be held accountable for them at the day of judgment. Professor KILMARNOCK (and let it be noted in the next psychological work that enthusiasm can thus alter a man's usual disposition,) fidgeted about as uneasy as a pea on a drum-head; and at intervals was heard to ejaculate: 'Gang up, my gude mon, gang up; it's na sic a bad place!' But the old Dutchman gave neither heed nor ear to any one: he preserved a dogged silence, and was the very first to make a move to ascend. When they reached the top of the scaffold, the sheriff asked him if he would not like the attendance of a minister? The 'unhappy wretch' shook his head, pointed to the rope, and then motioned to have it placed round his neck. 'This is dreadful!' said the humane sheriff; 'but it must be done.' At length all was arranged, and the attendants had taken their last leave of the criminal, when he beckoned them back: 'Ish all ready?' asked the old man. 'Every thing,' replied the sheriff; and 'therewithal the water stood in his

eyes.' 'Ish dere not'ing *more* to pe done?' 'Nothing! — in one minute you will be launched into eternity!' Den, mein Got! *it ish time for me to sign der paper, and take der prison!*'

'You old rascal!' said the sheriff, grinding his teeth, and turning white with rage; 'is it possible that you have been paltering, and putting us to all this trouble and expense for nothing?' The old fellow gave no other answer than a gurgling, satisfied chuckle, that sensibly increased at the words 'expense' and 'trouble,' which said more plainly than words, 'Now you have the reason why I did it!' He moved down from the scaffold, amidst mingled shouts and hisses. A tumultuous assemblage followed him to the jail; some enraged and abusive, others laughing and hurrahing. But the old fellow sat as imperturbable as a judge; save at the mention of 'expense' and 'trouble,' and then he could not suppress a malicious and most provoking smile. When he returned to the jail, he drew from a hiding-place beneath a plank, which he had loosened in the floor, Professor KILMARNOCK's last 'extra quart' of rum, which he drank in the coolest manner imaginable, and then curled himself up to sleep. But with all his folly, the poor cheated Professor was really an object of commiseration. From the highest pinnacle of triumph he was plunged into the lowest 'slough of despond.' He kept lamenting: 'A gude five hundred dollars clean gane an' flitted! An' the very weans a fletcherin' at me for a daft gomeril! Siller and credit baith gane!' But the worthy Professor *did* give his lecture on galvanism, after all, and to a large audience, who were highly 'entertained,' as we are sure *our* large audience will be, when the incidents of that memorable occasion are laid before them. But these must form a side-dish for our next 'Table.' In conclusion, 'speaking of public executions,' would those philanthropists among us who conscientiously oppose capital punishment have any objection to the 'chances' against it, as set forth in certain instances at the old Newgate in London? We read that one occasion a prisoner was respited, in order to have his leg cut off, to try the effect of a newly-invented styptic; and that another, a deaf man, was pardoned, that an operation upon the drum of his ear might be performed, 'for the benefit of science.' Neither case proved fatal.

MR. BURKE'S CONCERT.—MR. BURKE, so well known throughout the world as 'Master Burke,' has recently returned from Europe. For several years past he has made the city of Albany his residence, where his talents and social qualities have acquired for him troops of friends. The 'Daily Atlas' of that city thus notices his arrival and his projects: 'It will gratify the numerous friends of MR. BURKE in this city and elsewhere to learn that, with his talents improved and his taste and judgment matured by foreign travel and instruction while abroad of the first order, he comes among us with additional claims to our esteem and support, superadded to those which endeared him to a large circle before he left home.' We are glad to learn that MR. BURKE proposes to favor us with a series of concerts in Gotham. A man whom DE BÉRIOT said he 'could teach nothing that he did not already know of his art,' must be a musician worth hearing. MR. BURKE may assure himself of a warm welcome among us.' The foregoing was in type for our last number; since which time MR. BURKE has twice made his appearance before a New-York audience, each time eliciting the most distinguished approbation. He has in no respect been over-rated. He is as admirable an artist as the 'great Norwegian' himself.

Gossip with Readers and Correspondents. — It is not needful for us to say that we wish our readers a *Happy New Year*. They *know* that such are our aspirations in their behalf. We would invoke for them the cheerfulness that springs from a conscience at ease with itself; the chastened pleasure and harmless mirth which are born of a kind heart and an innocent life. We would read them no homily, nor dash their enjoyment by recalling sad remembrances; and yet we can hardly avoid saying, that it is at such seasons as these that bereaved hearts feel most keenly their 'own bitterness.' As Time approaches the great gate of the years that swings outward into eternity, we cannot but remember how many have 'finished their course' who a year ago renewed their pilgrimage with him, elate with hope and buoyant with delight. The tide of human events and earthly vicissitude has kept due on, nor 'known retiring ebb.'

'In woodland cottages, with barky walls,
In noisome cells of the tumultuous town,
Mothers have clasped with joy the new-born babe.
Graves by the lonely forest, by the shore
Of rivers and of ocean, by the ways
Of the thronged city, have been hollowed out
And filled and closed.'

How many are there, even at this joyous season, who cannot wholly cast away from themselves the thought of the ravages which DEATH has made in the year that has passed 'swifter than a weaver's shuttle,' and left them almost 'without hope and without consolation.' The Unseen is before us, and beyond is the Eternal; and as we ponder upon the past, or dwell upon the future, we exclaim, with our own true poet:

— 'Who next of those I love
Shall pass from life, or sadder yet, shall fall
From virtue? Strife with foes, or bitterer strife
With friends, or the fierce rack of pain,
Lie they within my path? Or shall the years
Push me, with soft and inoffensive pace,
Into the stilly twilight of my age?
Or do the portals of another life
Even now, while I am glorying in my strength,
Impend around me?'

He only in whose hands are 'the issues of life' can answer these irrepressible questionings of the restless spirit; and to His care may our readers commend themselves, and those who are near and dear to them, 'with pure hearts, fervently!' . . . The festival of the good old KNICKERBOCKER SAINT NICHOLAS was celebrated on the sixth ultimo at the City Hotel. Never was there a better attendance, and never was good cheer, bodily and spiritual, more liberally dispensed. Capital were the speeches, pleasant the viands, unrepressed the social merriment, delightful to the palate the choicest wines! But we proclaim no particulars. What is done in honor of our blessed patron-saint his sons regard as no theme for the house-tops. Public curiosity in this regard may not be gratified. Some who attended at the STUYVESANT Institute to hear the admirable and very charmingly-delivered address of Mr. JAMES DE PEYSTER OGDEN, which graces preceding pages, were 'perplexed in the extreme' on beholding the sable attendants clad in the authentic costumes of a period held in loving remembrance by every true son of SAINT NICHOLAS. They were considered close denotements of the more than Eleusinian mysteries into which they alone penetrate who are admitted to the annual festivals of the ancient Saint. And verily there is something in this — but it does not become us to say *what* it is. Lord

MORPETH, who was quite overcome by a 'realizing sense' of the imposing ceremonies at one of our annual dinners some three or four years ago, once gave in our hearing a very vivid delineation of the marked and startling effect which they had upon his mind. . . . WE are honored, we perceive, by a half column of 'very cruel words' in a weekly newspaper published in Columbia, South Carolina, which we never saw, and of which we never heard, until now. It reached us by the same mail which brought us sixteen new subscribers from the South and South-West; gentlemen attracted from that region toward the KNICKERBOCKER, we may suppose, by its 'total absence of all character,' its 'wretched want of taste,' its 'bar-room style,' 'the petty drivel of its Editor's Table,' and so forth! The paternity of the pleasant paragraph whence these flattering terms are taken is as apparent to us as the cause of its gentlemanlike and emollient manner. One must needs smile at *such* evidences of the KNICKERBOCKER's lack of power to make itself *felt* in its criticisms and in its evadeless punctures of pompous Pretension! Rejoicing in a position, professional and personal, beyond which we have no ambition to aspire; with we hope an equable spirit and a cheerful temperament; certainly with such an array and such an order of friends and friendly contemporaries in every quarter of this Union as any man might well be proud of; we can say of the pellet which we elevate to a moment's consequence, and which, with equal felicity and modesty, is termed 'a blister-plaster for the KNICKERBOCKER,' that '*The plaster don't stick!*' But we are wasting powder upon small game. . . . WE do not altogether like the *spirit* of 'J. M.'s '*Winter Thoughts*,' although the paper is not otherwise amiss. When the elements become our enemies we must make the more of our friends — God bless them! On this point listen to an old poet:

'WHEN the wind bleakly blows,
When it rains or it snows,
And all nature seems freezing and shiv'ring with cold;
When the herds seek the shed,
When the birds droop the head,
And the flocks chill and cheerless crowd into the fold;
Then, in love what a charm!
Then, true friendship how warm!
In domestic endearments what exquisite bliss!
Though the wind bleakly blows,
Though it rains or it snows,
This, *this* is the season of social delight!'

'I THINK *you* will think, with me,' writes an esteemed correspondent, 'that the following letter, written by a young lady of sixteen, contains thoughts which, in conception and expression, are far beyond one of that age. I know them to be authentic. The topics in them were suggested by previous letters, and the literary matters are so naturally interwoven with private, which are omitted in sending them for press, that none could doubt their genuineness, after inspecting the originals.' We annex a portion of one of the letters referred to: 'You say that Art in itself must be comprehended by the soul, and that therefore I cannot comprehend it; and no product can ever be as great as the producing power. Talent, which is the power of exercising harmoniously our faculties, must be cultivated. And if Genius is not susceptible of improvement in itself, its means certainly are. No man, be he never so great, can do perfectly at first. The first product that we see may have high merit, but the whole preceding life is thrown into it. It is not the moment's birth, but the result of a thousand hopings and strivings, inward and outward attempts, and the last step taken after the growth of years. A strong mind, when haunted by an

idea, struggles incessantly until it is expressed. My ideas will not suffer me to rest. They are like the trophies of *MILTIADES*. But there is no such thing as a perfect expression of one's thought in Art. That which we produce bears no comparison with that which burns in the soul. The thought dwarfs the thing. What we *do*, can never stand abreast of what we *are*; and the moment any work is accomplished, the soul is beyond it, and looks back upon it, and is spreading its wings for farther flight. There is no pang worse than to have high aspirations, and never to be able to fulfil them. I know it by experience; the hunger of the body is nothing to be compared to the insatiate hungering of the mind, craving constantly for nourishment, and feeding on the unsubstantial food of its own desires and hopes. Life, you say, is to you an unsatisfactory striving, an unaccomplished desire. Young men think that their own feelings are no where to be found but in their own breasts. They are mistaken. Your case is the case of many others, who have been haunted by dreams of perfection, which overshadowed their work until their body has sunk under their overwrought sensibility. The world knows them not. They have lived lonely, without sympathy, shrinking from the converse of men; always unhappy, from their excess of temperament, and unfit to do any thing for themselves, or to forward their interests in life. The mind is bounded by the senses, to a certain extent. To look at the sun blinds us. Too exuberant passion destroys the judgment. Things therefore appear to our filmy eyes indistinct and fragmentary; a veil hangs ever before us, and through it falls that modified light which alone does not blast us, but clothes every thing in coloring of hope and faith. Beauty is a subtle essence, permeating all things, and lies like an invisible golden dust around our poetry, painting, music and sculpture. Now would you ask for that insight, knowing its consequence? You will answer, I know, 'Yes, if it comes with the power of language.' You have said, that to throw down one single weight from your mind would relieve you forever.' . . . We can scarcely designate *what it is*, yet is there *something* very touching in the ensuing lines by Rev. GEORGE HILL. It seems that in an ancient burying-ground near Ballycastle, Ireland, there is the grave of a young woman who died when her parents and other members of the family were about to emigrate to this country. They were obliged by her illness to postpone their departure for a time, and the gloom of approaching death was deepened and rendered more appalling to her by the thought that none of her kindred would be near to visit her grave:

'O LIFE and hope, ye faint, ye fail!
How blithely once to me
On sweet Rathmon's heights, the gale
Came o'er the summer sea!

'But soon this heart shall cease to beat,
These sleepless eyes shall close,
And in the grave's serene retreat
My weary head repose.

'Sweet friends! and when ye lay me where
Our fathers' ashes lie,
Say, will ye sometimes think of her
Whose love can never die?

'And when you leave your peaceful glen
To cross the distant wave,
Oh, will you ever come again,
To see your MARY's grave?'

Full many a year has passed, and she,
The best beloved of all,
Sleeps, from her cares and sorrows free,
Beside the old church wall.

The bee at noontide murmurs there
The shamrock flowers among,
And in the evening's silent air
How sweet the red-breast's song!

'I AWAIT,' writes 'POLYGON,' (whose latest communications shall presently be answered,) 'with intense impatience, the conclusion of the deeply-affecting '*Lines on the Death of Miss Adeline Cobb, who was killed with Lightning by her friend Nancy Hinks.*' My cane descends with 'a right good-will,' and I shout a hearty

'Encore!' Let us on this hint proceed, 'in compliance with numerous requests,' to quote a few reflections on what Miss HINKS justly calls a 'sad transaction':

My worthy friends, may I express
Some thoughts I bear in mind,
Those sad emotions of my breast
For my friend Adeline?

I call her friend, for so she was,
To me was always kind,
And now with you I'll sympathize
In the loss of Adeline.

Though our acquaintance was but short,
It was of an intimate kind;
My heart is of the friendly sort,
And so was Adeline's.

Can I those seasons e'er forget,
Of conversation kind,
When in my chamber I did set
With the worthy Adeline?

On each subject she did converse,
Showed a cultivated mind;
And many things she did rehearse,
Endeared Adeline.

In her I saw the dutiful child,
Also a sister kind;
There ever rests a friendly smile
On the face of Adeline.

Is it a fancy or a dream
That bears so strong in mind,
That on this earth no more is seen
The form of Adeline?

Oh! would to heaven it really was
Some sad mistake in mind!
Something that had risen without a cause
Preventing Adeline

From coming to her parents dear
Just at the present time:
Fond hopes they had of meeting her,
But saw not Adeline.

But 'tis a sad reality,
As they do surely find,
That in this world they will not see
Their daughter Adeline!

See her intended is left alone,
In deep distress of mind;
His heart is in deep anguish torn
For his dear Adeline.

When love had bound with strongest ties,
And fastened on his mind;
Methinks I hear his mournful sighs
For the worthy Adeline.

These touching stanzas bring us to the end of the 'First Part.' Part Second opens with the painful inquiry as to who shall bear the agonizing news to her relatives:

THREE noble youths selected were
The mournful tidings for to bear;
When one unto her sister came,
It seemed he scarce could speak her name.

On wings of speed another flew
Unto the town of Henrietta too,
The mournful tidings for to bear
Unto her sister who lived there.

Unto Springwater a third did go
To let her brother and sister know;
Now each unto the place repair,
And for her funeral do prepare.

Behold her aged parents came,
Their grief no longer can contain,
But they must bow before the rod,
And own it was the hand of God.

Behold her loving sisters come
To follow her unto her tomb;
The sight doth almost break their heart,
For now with Adeline they must part.

They always lived in unity,
In love and friendship did agree;
She truly idolized were,
This God saw, and removed her.

Now see her own brother come,
With sighs and sobs into the room;
And then exclaimed aloud, said he,
'Oh! Adeline! how can this be?'

But her intended, where is he now?
His heart is filled with the deepest wo;
None knows the anguish of his heart,
But those who know how true lovers part.

Such thoughts as these do fill his mind:
Oh why was I still left behind,
Oh why was I not taken too,
Then I had never felt such wo!

Behold the noble training band,
The pride and glory of the land,
In martial pomp this day appear,
Military exercise to bear.

Their hearts being filled with sympathy,
They leave their ranks and come away;
And all the sympathy do show
That their situation will allow.

Now to the grave-yard do repair,
Their last respects for her to bear;
Behold them stand in ranks along,
While onward march the mournful throng.

That noble youth shall we forget?
Ah no! methinks I see him yet;
The deepest gloom his countenance bears,
And oh! how solemn he appears!

Although no tears his face bedews,
Their friendly aid they have refused,
Much more distressed now is he,
Than if the tears were running free.

He casts a look upon that bier,
And says, There all that I hold dear;
And now the coffin does contain
The only one my affections gained.

All you who have felt the effects of love,
Of his behavior will approve;
Remember the time that is past and gone:
Would not you the same have done?

Where all is so felicitously executed, it may seem invidious to particularize; but we cannot help calling especial attention to the sixth stanza of the first column, and the third of the second, in the foregoing extract, as combining a greater amount of grammar and rhythm than almost any of their associate-verses. . . . We were excogitating the other day in a pleasant half-waking reverie, the project of a *Dépôt of Humor and of Wit*, by means of invisible magnetic wires, converging hitherward from every quarter of the country, and terminating in the Sanctum wherein, in the silence of midnight, we are now exercising our quill. The plan is a feasible one. Observe: after enjoying a good thing, the first wish of a good man is to make his friend enjoy it, and feeling a friendly spirit for the whole world, to make the blessing universal. This is not only with reference to solids, but the refecton, the solace of the nobler principle, the 'inner man.' Some men will gloat over a spicy book in private; laugh aloud in their own chambers, or chuckle so very quietly that it would not frighten a mouse in the room. Others act on a more generous principle. If A. has heard any thing, he will bring all in to hear it. He will go round among the highways and hedges and *compel* them to come in. He communicates generously; he opens his budget every where. Every body that knows him 'knows his dog.' If he is wrong in this thing, his error is venial; for there are sad hearts enough in this world; and 'harmless mirth,' saith good old FULLER, 'is the best cordial against consumption of the spirits.' Wit is too genial a thing to be lost; but there is only one occasion of its being good. It must be unprompted except by the immediate occasion. It cannot be made to order. The impulse, the expression, the acknowledgment must be all one. This is genuine; this is the sparkling wine which enlivens. In this great continent, embracing so many degrees of latitude, among these sharp-witted countrymen of ours, how much flashing humor vanishes each day, and is heard of no more forever! It is now entirely practicable to devise a scheme by which it may be communicated freshly, naturally, instantly, from the lips which uttered it to thousands who would enjoy it thoroughly. He who says so many good things in Talahassee, should experience the ubiquity of true genius. A succession of sparks should be emitted through the invisible wire, which by the aid of 'Uncle SAMUEL' terminates in the sanctum of the EDITOR hereof, whose face would be that moment in a perfect maëlstrom of smiles, in consequence of that capital thing just arrived from his friend in Detroit! Is there an electrical machine in the room? The very pledges of the EDITOR's affection are excited by a spark from the snapping region of Vermont! And now there is a joke from the Prairies! A new bear-story has arrived from the region beyond the Mississippi! A message from a wag who cultivens the 'Picayune' at New Orleans! Take down that message from a corruscant correspondent of the 'Louisville Journal!'—we will tell PRENTICE a better. Well done for Astoria on the Pacific ocean! Never was a better thing said by SHERIDAN himself! That little sparkle from Dubuque is worthy the applauses of a theatre. That is a real blinder from the Arkansas territory. Put out the light—remove the Carcel. How gloriously the scintillations thicken during this season of the Holidays! Blessed be God for the joy of all hearts! We will imagine the scheme accomplished; and for the value received or to be received from such a plan, we can at least make the return speedily; and with the rapidity of thought, and with a universality which shall include all men, we can at least give vent to the expression of a heart-felt good will, and best wishes for their happiness! . . . Our citizens must like *impudence* very much, if they 'patronize' COLMAN's in Broad-

way, near Fulton-street. We see by an advertisement that he wishes them to call and reward him for the privilege which they have enjoyed of '*looking into his windows in past years*.' Mr. COLMAN, although a 'Down-East' Yankee, of the very 'cutest kind, does n't affect the names of UNCLE SAM's coin. 'Guineas,' 'pounds,' 'shillings sterling,' and so forth, afford a better medium of making a 'good bargain' — for himself. Such un-American affectations demand rebuke.

'No beast that roams the valley free
To slaughter I condemn;
Taught by the Power that pities me,
I learn to pity them.'

says GOLDSMITH, speaking of dumb animals; and we are glad to learn, as we do by the comments upon the hasty article upon '*Cruelty to Animals*,' in a late number of the KNICKERBOCKER, that this feeling is widely and generally shared. 'The merciful man is merciful to his beast;' and 'blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy.' . . . We had a pleasant half hour over 'C.'s' description of '*The Little Great Man*.' He reminded us of the true remark of one who always 'observes,' and knows 'how to;' namely, that 'some men are very entertaining for a first interview, but after that they are exhausted and run out. On a second meeting, we shall find them very flat and monotonous; like hand-organs, we have heard all their tunes; but unlike these instruments, they are not new-barrelled so easily. 'The most disagreeable two-legged animal I know,' says LACON, 'is a little great man, and the next a little great man's factotum or friend.' . . . By a colonial ordinance of the Governor of Guadaloupe, a slave of the name of FELIX was not long since emancipated, as a reward for his generous conduct on the awful day of the eighth of February, 1843; two thousand francs having been voted for that purpose by the Colonial Council, fifteen hundred francs being paid to FELIX's master, and five hundred francs to FELIX himself as a gift. This is the story, as contained in the report to the Council: 'On the eighth of February, 1843, two brothers were covered with the ruins around them; one of them fortunately succeeded in extricating himself unhurt; but the other was wounded and dying, and his more fortunate brother was for some time trying with his precious load to find his way out; but the obstacles were insurmountable; his strength was exhausted, and the flames were rapidly approaching. At that distressing hour he finds FELIX by his side. 'My friend,' he says, 'if you have a kind heart, help me to save my brother, and I will give you a doubloon.' '*To-day nothing for money — all for the love of God!*' replied the noble and generous slave; and collecting all his strength and energy, he surmounts all obstacles, and arrives on the wharf, where he lays the dying man in a boat.' It is added, that it was with the utmost difficulty that FELIX was discovered, so anxious did he seem to conceal his noble conduct. Who knows a nobler hero, all things considered, than FELIX the slave? . . . '*A Friend to Genius*' is informed that the 'little poems' he sends us clandestinely 'from a talented acquaintance' have all been read to us by the portentous bore who wrote them, and who must possess more than a peck of our buttons, which at sundry times and in divers metropolitan streets he has pulled from our garments. '*A friend to Genius*,' quotha! There is n't the 'least taste in the world' of *talent* in the lines, let alone the 'God-given gift.' There is quite too much mediocre verse afloat now-a-days. If most of our middling poets could be melted down into one sterling writer of solid prose, editors, publishers and readers would have a great deal less to complain of. . . . '*A CLEVER Spanish friend of mine*,' writes a new (and let us add) welcome contributor, 'PAUL MARTINDALE,' 'who recently came to this country to learn English and other cu-

riosity, and who has been giving me by letter an account of his wanderings in Connecticut, writes: 'I contemplated with joy in my soul a tree standing in Hartford, found by the first settlers, who came from England. *It has been chartered by the Legislature*, which document I was not able to see, on account of my short stay there!' Of course somebody had half-told him the story of the Charter-Oak. I know not how it may sound to you, but we who know the man *did* laugh consumedly over it! And so did we. . . . 'The Money-Spirit' is under consideration, and we think will appear. The writer has certainly chosen a fruitful theme. At a time when a Wall-street denizen is most apt to speak of a friend who is very ill, in the language of 'the street,' as 'I would not give ten per cent. on his life,' and even vice is condemned on the ground of its cost in dollars and cents to the city, there needs a trenchant pen to rebuke the 'pecuniary standards of the day.' . . . We see through 'JIM's' reservation: the article will not 'reach us safely!' Our correspondent reminds us of the remark of the transparent Hibernian, who wanted a friend to discount a note. 'If I advance this,' said the lender, 'will you pay your note punctually?' 'I will, on me honor,' replied the other; '*the expense of the protest, and all!*' Do you 'take the idea,' 'JIM'? . . . 'You have sometimes adverted,' says a town-correspondent, to the magniloquent terms sometimes employed among us Americans, and recommended the substitution of simple terms for simple things. There is an instance of this affectation to be seen on the road to Harlem; I mean the '*Asylum for the Colored Aged*.' 'Colored Aged!' 'T' is a vile phrase. . . . THERE is a pleasant story related of JARVIS, the distinguished painter; to the effect namely, that walking down Broadway one day, he saw before him a dark-looking foreigner, bearing under his arm a small red-cedar cigar-box. He stepped immediately into his 'wake,' and whenever he met a friend, (which was once in two or three minutes, for the popular artist knew every body,) he would beckon to him with a wink to 'fall into line' behind. By and by the man turned down one of the cross-streets, followed close by JARVIS and 'his tail.' Attracted by the measured tread of many feet, he turned round abruptly, and seeing the 'procession' that followed in his footsteps, he exclaimed: 'What for de debbil is dis? What for you take me, eh? What for you so much come after me, eh?' 'Sir,' exclaimed JARVIS, with an air of profound respect, 'we saw you going to the grave alone, with the body of your dead infant, and we took the opportunity to offer you our sympathy, and to follow your babe to the tomb!' The man explained, in his broken manner, that the box contained only cigars, and he evinced his gratitude for the interest which had been manifested in his behalf, by breaking it open and dispensing them very liberally to 'the mourners!' *Apropos* of Mr. JARVIS — not the Senior, but the JUNIOR, who in art is following fast in the footsteps of his 'illustrious predecessor.' We had intended to advert, in the present number, to three or four of his late pictures, including 'lovely woman,' 'venerable age,' and 'innocent childhood;' but as it is our desire to embrace a *group* of all these, in our notice of this fine painter, we are compelled to await the completion of one or two efforts, which bid fair to develope, in an eminent degree, his good taste and felicitous handling. . . . WE 'incline to think' that we can promise our friends a 'rich treat' in the '*Adventures of a Yankee-Doodle*.' The writer is just opening upon his incidents, some of which are of the most entertaining character. His illustrations of the ubiquity of the true Yankee reminds us of a somewhat kindred instance of a sea-captain who had for many foggy and stormy days been trying to weather his vessel round Cape Horn. At length, to his great joy, while the sea yet wrought and was tempestuous, he saw one morning the 'rack'

breaking away in patches, and on the top of a bold head-land near by, the sun shining brightly upon some brilliant object, which threw back its gladdening beams. Seizing his glass, he drew the bright 'pharos of his hopes' within its focus. And what do you think it was? It was '*a Connecticut pedlar's long yellow wagon!*' 'Oh git eout!—t was n't though?' 'T was n't any thing else!' . . . We sincerely regret to hear of the death of Miss JULIA KNIGHT, daughter of Mrs. KNIGHT, so long and favorably known to the audiences of the Park-Theatre. Miss KNIGHT, although young, was one of the most accomplished musicians in this metropolis. She sang with great sweetness, played the piano-forte with accuracy, force and skill, was an excellent reader of music at sight, and conversant with most of its theory. She was the idol of a large circle, and has left her bereaved mother and friends inconsolable for her loss. She was the niece of Mr. JOHN POVEY, of the Park-Theatre, and of Mr. KNIGHT, the celebrated English painter. . . . It is not our desire nor our practice to stretch the contributors of this Magazine upon a Procrustean bed. We reserve to ourselves however the right to dissent from their opinions; and our friend and correspondent 'POLYGON' must allow us to do so in *his* case. When he terms CRABBE, CAMPBELL, ROGERS, LAMB, HEBER and WHITE '*feeble poets,*' he must pardon us for disagreeing with him. We shall enter into no argument in defence of our position, but simply rest content with this expression of our dissent. What our friend says of the immorality of much of BYRON's poetry, and of its evil influence upon mankind, is deserving of careful heed, especially by the young, whose tastes, principles, and habits of life are forming. . . . 'WHAT is all this talk, Squire, about this here direct tax?' asked an ignorant bumpkin of his representative in Congress, at a time when such a proposition was before the National Legislature. 'It is for the support of the navy, and to suppress insurrection,' replied the honorable member. Seated at home that night, the 'enlightened constituent' developed to a neighbor the cause of the 'taxation,' concerning which they had been so sensitive. 'I know what it's all for,' said he; '*it's to support knavery and suppress the resurrection!*'—the Squire told me so to-day! . . . THINK of a *Phrenological Hat!* We can give no better name to a new invention from Paris, which we have just examined at Mr. WARNOCK's, in Broadway, near the Franklin-House. By a most beautiful yielding *machine-hat*, every prominence upon the head is distinctly marked, and a fac-simile of the shape, without the slightest possibility of variation, is thus obtained. There will be no more head-aches from wearing new hats! Once measured, the hatter has a *block-head for life*, an exact counterpart of your own! It is altogether the most ingenious, the most comfortable invention of the age. . . . WHAT rapid progress AMERICAN ART is making among us! The encouragement to *good* native painters, we are glad to say, is constantly increasing. Our citizens begin to look *at home* for excellence. Now and then, to be sure, you may find a 'patron' who seems of opinion that nothing worthy of 'hanging' (except human beings) can be produced in America:

'Look round his walls!—no modern masters there
Display the patriot's zeal, or patron's care.
His Romish taste a century requires,
To sanctify the merit he admires.
His heart no love of *living* talent warms;
Painting must wear her antiquated charms,
In clouds of dust and varnish veil her face,
And plead her age as passport to his grace.'

But this kind of 'patrons' are becoming quite rare. Gentlemen of wealth among us begin to find it *fashionable* to order pictures of our own artists, at home and abroad.

to decorate their parlors or galleries. DURAND is busy with his *perfect* transcripts from Nature; so is COLE, and a dozen others, whom we have no space to name. ELLIOTT is taking the general admiration captive, in the line of portraiture, and his easel is never unoccupied; while INGHAM, and well-known metropolitan artists in the same line, are constantly employed. This *looks* well and *tells* well. The Arts Union was never so flourishing as at this moment; and it deserves great credit in bringing about this state of things. Education in art too is fast advancing; and as apropos to this, let us mention the new *School for Drawing*, recently opened by our friend General CUMMINGS; a favorite pupil of INMAN, (would *he* were well!) and a gentleman whose professional education, character and career are well known in this city. He is at the very head in this country of one department, an acknowledged lecturer in the arts of design, and an artist of no common pretensions in the general range of painting and drawing. His efforts to promote the hitherto much neglected arts of drawing and design will we trust prove widely acceptable. Citizens of wealth! encourage all that may serve to encourage American art!—so that by and by, we may exclaim, whenever it is proposed to supply us with pictures from abroad: ‘What! send to *Europe* for good paintings! Fetch coals to Newcastle! Then

‘BRING bellows for the panting winds,
Hang up a lantern by the moon,
And give the nightingale a fife,
And lend the eagle a balloon!’

‘*Excelsior*,’ the new illustrated semi-monthly journal published by Mr. HEWET, has made its *début* before the public, and has been received with all the honors of a triumphant ‘first appearance.’ It is printed in the quarto form, on new types and fine white paper, profusely and admirably embellished with engravings, and edited with signal taste and ability by CHARLES F. HOFFMAN, Esq. ‘EXCELSIOR’ has our best wishes for its success. Doubtless it is even now no ‘experiment.’ . . . A VOLUME entitled ‘*The Belfry of Bruges, and other Poems*,’ by LONGFELLOW, has just been published by Mr. JOHN OWEN, of Cambridge. It embraces many of the most felicitous of the poet’s later efforts, and is ‘got up’ in beautiful style. By-the-by, one of the *very* richest jokes of the season is an insinuation by the ‘indefatigable critic-in-ordinary’ of the author of ‘PUFFER HOPKINS,’ that Mr. LONGFELLOW, in some of the pieces in this volume, has plagiarized from the ‘Poems on Man in a Republic!’ We shall expect next to see BRYANT charged with pilfering from ‘POR EMMONS’ ‘Fredoniad.’ But to return: a new edition of LONGFELLOW’s ‘Waif’ is about to appear. We hope the editor will place the author’s name to the admirable lines entitled ‘*Where are the Dead?*’ They are from the pen of FREDERICK WEST, Esq., the editor of that widely-popular weekly journal, the ‘Sunday Atlas.’ . . . We have heard many examples of what Mrs. MALAPROP terms ‘exasperating the haitch’ from the lips of English persons, but never so ‘perfect a specimen’ as at the ‘American Museum’ the other evening. ‘Ere we ‘ave,’ said the exhibitor of the ‘hextrinary heffects’ of the ‘Solar Microscope,’ ‘ere we ‘ave han ‘air hof the ‘uman ‘ead!’ a remarkable ‘hobject’ it *was* too, as the showman very properly remarked. . . . Mr. HUDSON, whose lectures upon SHAKESPEARE have been heard by respectable audiences down town, has been requested by MESSRS. VERPLANCK, DEWEY, POTTS, HONE, WAINWRIGHT, OGDEN HOFFMAN, and other eminent and estimable citizens, to repeat them at the New-York University. We hear that his manner is much improved, and that during the past season he has made himself ‘ripe’ in the themes whereof he

treats. . . . ALL the *Newest Illustrated Works* that have lately appeared in London, embracing many that are positively gorgeous, may be seen upon the counters of our friends MESSRS. WILEY AND PUTNAM. Their 'Literary News-Letter' for the month apprises us also that they have for sale, beside the current publications of the day, a supply of the most valuable standard works, in rich and elegant bindings. Having a house on both sides of the Atlantic, they are enabled to purchase and sell with unusual facilities, and at 'the lowest market prices.' . . . PLEASANT and fresh are the memories of Nature, of kind friends and cordial hospitalities, that made a November trip of the KNICKERBOCKERS to a lonely and picturesque region in the 'north country' one never to be forgotten. Something we had intended to hint of this; but although it is out of the 'abundance of the heart' that 'the *mouth* speaketh,' yet with the *pen* there is added a manual operation, which requires both time and space, if one would do justice to grateful emotions. More mayhap of this hereafter. . . . MESSRS. MORRIS AND WILLIS have retired from the proprietorship of '*The Evening Mirror*,' but the latter continues his interesting correspondence. Mr. FULLER, the present proprietor, himself a 'ready writer,' will have 'the assistance of some of the best talent of the country' in his editorial columns. He is an enterprising gentleman, of talent and integrity, who deserves and will command continued success for his popular journal. . . . SEVERAL new publications, from JAMES MUNROE AND COMPANY, Boston, the MESSRS. APPLETONS and WILEY AND PUTNAM, New-York, were received too late for more than this brief acknowledgment in the present number. . . . DURING the present month we shall prepare ourselves to report upon the contents of our corpulent port-folios. Our readers, we confidently predict, will have occasion to bear us witness that they have never been so well filled. ¶ WILL the KNICKERBOCKER 'do' for this month? How does the enlarged type strike you? — *you*, dear Sir, who have complained of 'too small print' in our own departments? Can we *improve* the external appearance of the work *now*? If yea, pray tell us *how*.

LITERARY RECORD. — We are especially 'rich' in works for this department the present month; so rich, indeed, that we are led to lament that we had not more enlarged space for their consideration elsewhere. First, we have before us, in two large and well-printed volumes, the '*Life and Times of Henry Clay*,' by CALVIN COLTON, author of the 'JUNIOR Tracts,' 'Four Years in Great Britain,' etc. It is sufficient to say of this elaborate and complete work, in a neutral Magazine like the KNICKERBOCKER, that in its preparation all of Mr. CLAY's voluminous papers and correspondence were placed at the discretion of the compiler, who used such portions of them as were deemed important, submitting the proof-sheets, however, to Mr. CLAY's supervision, for the correction of such errors as he might discover. And thus we have the authentic history of a man who has been for more than forty years constantly before the public, and whose acts have, for the most of that period, been common themes of debate, scrutiny and criticism. The volumes are illustrated by an excellent portrait of Mr. CLAY, engrayed on steel, and a view of the school-house where the 'Mill-Boy of the Slashes' received the first rudiments of his education. The arrangement of the work is succinct and clear, and its style carefully plain and 'historical.' . . . We are indebted to the enterprise and good judgment of Mr. DANIEL BIXBY, publisher, Merrimack-street, Lowell, (Mass.) for the first American edition of the '*Chronicle of the Cid*,' translated from the Spanish by ROBERT SOUTHEY; a work which has almost become a classic in England, and the issuing of which in this country will supply an important desideratum in the list of American re-publications. We scarcely remember to have seen, for many months, a work so entirely unexceptionable in its externals. It is admirably printed, upon a large clear type, and paper of a fine color and texture, pressed to the smoothness of glass. Mr. BIXBY well deserves the thanks and the 'patronage' (an un-American word, but it has no good synonyme,) of the public. . . . A COMPLETE edition of the *Poems of*

Alfred B. Street, an old correspondent and friend of the KNICKERBOCKER and its EDITOR, has just been issued by the new and enterprising firm of CLARK AND AUSTIN, Fulton-street. So many of the poems contained in the volume were originally published in this Magazine, that we deem it a work of supererogation to enlarge upon their characteristics. As a careful observer of Nature, in all her phases; her 'voices,' her conditions and changes of earth, water, atmosphere; Mr. STREET has but one or two superiors among the poets of this country. BRYANT, the first of American poets, and we think the best poet now living, is at the head of all his 'fellows of the tuneful lyre' in this regard; for, aside from the moral feeling and deep philosophy with which he informs his verse, he interprets the myriad sights and sounds of the universe to the minds and hearts of his readers. But we are speaking of Mr. STREET, whose new and beautifully printed and illustrated volume we have great pleasure in cordially commending to our readers. . . . We have from Mr. J. S. REDFIELD, Clinton-Hall, the '*Complete Works of N. P. Willis*,' in one large and well-executed volume, with handsome binding, and a portrait of the voluminous author. It takes nine hundred large pages, in double columns, to contain the selected and winnowed productions of Mr. WILLIS, in prose and verse; and such a volume, we cannot help believing, will receive a wide circulation. Its contents have never before been accessible, in a collected form, to the public. The introductory note to the reader is written with feeling and in good taste, and must tend to disarm criticism of its severity, even on the part of the writer's enemies. . . . '*Harper's New Miscellany*' bids fair to prove one of the most popular of all their various valuable series of publications. To say nothing of their superior external, their themes thus far are excellent. The fourth volume, just published, contains '*Holmes' Life and Correspondence of Mozart*.' Nothing of value or interest has been omitted by the author. Every available source of information has been diligently explored to render the memoir complete; and MOZART has throughout, as much as possible, been permitted to tell his own story. A full account of his compositions is here, for the first time, given to the public: the original mss. have been personally inspected; various fresh channels of inquiry have been opened up; all published authorities, including incidental references in fugitive periodicals, have been consulted; and the narrative of his life, gathered from every quarter, is thus conducted uninterruptedly to the close. '*The Practical Astronomer*,' by Dr. DICK of Edinburgh, forms the fifth volume of the series. It is illustrated by one hundred good wood engravings, and comprises illustrations of light and colors; practical descriptions of all the kinds of telescopes; the use of the equatorial-transit; circular and other astronomical instruments; a particular account of the Earl of Rosse's large telescopes, and other topics connected with astronomy. We observe, in addition to the papers upon the Rings of Saturn, written by Dr. DICK for this Magazine, that the subject is treated at some length in the pages before us. The same publishers have also given us a new edition, with additions and improvements, of '*Parker's Aids to English Composition*,' embracing specimens and examples of school and college exercises, and most of the higher departments of English composition, both in prose and verse; with '*Ascanio, or the Sculptor's Apprentice*,' an historical romance of the sixteenth century, from the French of DUMAS. . . . Among the recent publications of MESSRS. APPLETON AND COMPANY, we remark the '*Book of the Colonies*,' and the '*Book of Good Examples*,' from the prolific hand of Prof. JOHN FROST, of Philadelphia. The first mentioned comprises a history of the colonies composing the United States, from the discovery in the tenth century, until the commencement of the revolutionary war, the whole compiled from the best authorities. The matériel for the second is drawn from authentic history and biography, and is 'designed to illustrate the beneficial effects of virtuous conduct.' Both works are well printed and bound, and illustrated by numerous engravings. The same house has just published '*A Practical Treatise on Healthy Skin*,' with pictorial illustrations on steel, and rules for the medical and domestic treatment of cutaneous diseases, by the eminent ERASMUS WILSON, F. R. S., London; and '*Arnold's Rugby School Sermons*,' preached in the chapel of Rugby School, of which he was head-master, together with an 'Address before Confirmation.' . . . ONE of the neatest and prettiest volumes of the season, clad in a beautiful garb of gold-and-blue, is '*The Vigil of Faith, and other Poems*,' from the well-known pen of CHARLES FENNO HOFFMAN, Esquire, recently put forth by the BROTHERS HARPER. The poem which gives the title to the book has already been noticed, in terms of deserved commendation, in these pages. That most of the other poems which make up the collection are equally worthy of favor, is sufficiently evinced by the fact, which certainly 'speaks volumes,' that the present is the fourth edition of the work. It appears appropriately at a season when we celebrate the advent of HIM 'who was the AUTHOR of our Faith.' . . . '*The Manual of Matrimony and Connubial Companion*,' gathered together for the Safety of the Single, and the Weal of the Wedded,' is the title of a very instructive and comprehensive little booklet, from the press of the Messrs. APPLETON. Our friend, the

Vermont 'BACHELOR,' to whom the public are indebted for this little tome, 'shew' it to us, as they say in New-England, last summer, and we are pleased to observe that he has followed our suggestion in its publication. We trust that it will have the effect to make many a husband and wife 'like two candles burning together, which make the house more lightsome; or like two springs so meeting and joining their streams, that they may have but one current.' . . . '*The Knights of the Horse-Shoe*' is the name of a 'Traditional Tale of the Cocked-Hat Gentry of the Old Dominion,' which reaches us at a late hour from the publisher, Mr. C. YANCEY, at Wetumpka, Alabama. It is from the pen of our old friend and correspondent, Dr. WILLIAM A. CARUTHERS, author of '*The Cavaliers of Virginia*,' and we shall take another occasion to advert more specifically to its merits. From a necessarily very cursory glance through its pages, we are led to anticipate an unusually entertaining volume. . . . WELCOME, thrice welcome to us are the third and fourth volumes of FRANCIS AND COMPANY'S 'Cabinet Library of Choice Prose and Poetry,' containing '*The Child of the Islands*,' '*The Dream*,' and '*Other Poems*,' by the Hon. Mrs. NORTON. They are brim-full of feeling, affection, love of humanity, and replete with the spirit of true poetry. Affliction has softened the heart of the high-born and gifted poetess; and her chastened Muse sings the sorrows and sufferings of the poor and lowly with a touching tenderness, a pathos unsurpassed. We may have more to say of these volumes hereafter. . . . AMONG the late publications of the enterprising house of WILEY AND PUTNAM are T. K. HERVEY'S '*Book of Christmas*,' a very entertaining and seasonable volume, descriptive of the customs, ceremonies, traditions, superstitions, fun, feeling and festivities of the Christmas season as they exist in England. Father RIPA'S Residence at the Court of Peking, China; and '*The Alps and the Rhine*,' a spirited work by HEADLEY. The latter volume we shall refer to again. . . . MESSRS. BARTLETT AND WELFORD have for sale TICKNOR AND COMPANY'S American reprint of the last London edition of Mrs. JAMESON'S '*Characteristics of Women*,' a work that at this late day requires no praise of ours. The present edition is well executed, upon good paper. . . . Greeley and McElrath's *Farmers' Library* is winning its way to a widely-extended circle of subscribers. The work is most ably edited by Hon. JOHN S. SKINNER, one of the best practical agriculturists and writers in the United States; it contains *every thing* that is current, which may prove of the least interest to its readers; and it is liberally illustrated with numerous and well-executed engravings. We observe in one of the numbers some well-considered remarks upon the subject of *Poultry*. Why did not the writer expose and condemn the practice, of but too common prevalence in this city, of receiving fowls at market *undrawn*, either in body or crop? This is an evil which cries aloud for 'reform,' and might have been touched upon in its 'connexion' in the article alluded to. We commend 'The Farmers' Library' to agriculturists in every section of the country. There is no farmer, however limited his means, who will not in a year derive from its pages twenty times the value of the subscription-price of the work. . . . We perceive that our friends PAINE AND BURGESS, John-street, advertise for 'present delivery' an attractive volume, entitled '*Morris and Willis' Library of Prose and Poetry of Europe and America*,' consisting of literary gems and curiosities; and containing the choice and beautiful productions of many of the most popular writers of the past and present age; being a rare and valuable work, for the library or the boudoir, and an elegant gift-book for all seasons.' We have not yet seen the volume, but we have little doubt that its externals will be in keeping with the richness of its contents, which we have already perused. . . . '*Elinor Wyllys, or the Young Folk of Longbridge*,' is the title of a late novel, written by a lady, and edited by J. FENIMORE COOPER, Esq., who has given his advice and assistance in presenting the work to the public, but has extended neither to its literary character. 'Imagination, feeling, sound principles, and good taste,' are deemed to be among its prominent characteristics. . . . MESSRS. CAREY AND HART, Philadelphia, have lately published a little volume entitled '*The Mysteries of the Back Woods*,' by T. B. THORPE, author of '*Tom Owen, the Bee-Hunter*,' with engravings from original designs by DARLEY. It contains sixteen sketches, many of which have attained a wide popularity. 'The Wit of the Woods' we had never before encountered. It is replete with rare felicities of description, and has altogether the effect of a fine painting. . . . '*The Golden Rule, and Odd-Fellows' Family Companion*' is the title of a beautifully-executed weekly journal of 'Popular Literature, Instruction and Amusement,' published by Mr. E. WINCHESTER, at No. 24 Ann-street, New-York. The work has not only a very large list of eminent contributors, but (what is perhaps a natural consequence) a very large list of subscribers. Its engraver is an admirable artist; at least if we may judge from the splendid plate for the new volume, which, although somewhat crowded, is nevertheless a most charming composition, embodying to the eye, in a most felicitous manner, the principles as it were of the benevolent society of Odd Fellows. We commend '*The Golden Rule*' cordially to our readers.